THE
Younger Brother:
OR, THE
Amorous Jilt.
A
COMEDY,
ACTED at the *Theatre Royal*,
By His MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by the late Ingenious Mrs. *A. BEHN.*
With some Account of her Life.

LONDON:
Printed for *J. Harris*, at the *Harrow* in *Little-Brittain*, and Sold by *R. Baldwin*, near the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-Lane*. 1696.

THE Mock Marriage: Or, the Woman wears the Breeches. *A* Comedy, Acted at the *Theatre Royal*, by His Majesties Servants. Written by Mr. *Scott* of *Cambridg*.

Printed for *J. Harris* at the *Harrow* in *Little-Brittain*.

THE

Epiſtle Dedicatory.

TO

Collonel Codrington.

THE unjuſt Sentence this Play met with before very partial Judges in the Acting, will, I'm pretty ſure, be revers'd by the more unprejudic'd Readers, and it's evident, Merit will exert it ſelf ſo far, as to juſtify my Preſumption in Dedicating it, notwithſtanding its ſmall ſucceſs, to you, Sir, for whom I muſt always profeſs the higheſt Eſteem and Value, ſprung from that Nobleneſs of your Nature that takes a God-like Delight in redreſſing the Misfortunes of 'em, more than fly to You for their unhappineſs; a generous Soul indeed, never gives a greater Proof of her Excellence, than in her Protection of the Unfortunate; for tho ſuffering Merit challenges a Regard from all, yet it meets with it from none but ſuch as you, Sir, who are ſo Eminent for that Vertue, which more than all the reſt, commands the Eſteem and Veneration of the Thinking World, your Generoſity I mean, Sir, which gives the moſt perfect Touches of that likeneſs, man can have to his Almighty Original; for thoſe are but ſcurvey awkard Copies of him that want it. 'Tis, I may ſay, the very Eſſence of

God, who with our *Beings*, diſpenſes the grateful Knowledg of himſelf in the Benefits he beſtows.

The narrow Virtues of the Old Philoſophers, were rather Vices, if winnow'd well, form'd to gratify their Proud, Lazy, Superiority, at the Expence of all the Publick Duties incumbent on mankind, whom they pretend to Purge from his Paſſions, to make him happy, by that means to amuſe our Curioſity with Chymera's, whilſt we loſt our real Good, will ſtill naturally flow from thoſe Springs of Pleaſure, Honour, Glory, and Noble Actions, the Paſſions given us by Heaven for our common Good. But their own Practice generally ſhew'd the Vanity of their Emperic Boaſts, when they Buried all the Nobler Pleaſures of the Mind in Avarice, and Pedantick Pride, as *Lucian* has pleaſantly made out in *Hermotimus*.

Thoſe Notional Excellencies that divert us from, or weaken a Publick Spirit, are always Falſe and Hypocritical, that under a gaudy out-ſide, conceals a rotten Carcaſs, full of Infectious Diſtempers that deſtroy the nobleſt end of our Being, *The doing good to one another*. Vanity has always been the Refuge of little Souls, that place their Value in a falſe Greatneſs, Hyppocriſie and great Titles. What a ſeeming Holineſs does for the Avaritious, Deſigning Saint; Titles do for the proud Avarice of the meer Man of Quality, cheaply Purchaſing a Reſpect from the many; but 'tis the Generous man only that fixes himſelf in the Hearts of the moſt valuable part of mankind, where proper Merit only is eſteem'd, and the Man, not his Equipage, and Accidental Appurtenances reſpected.

The Application of this, I ſhall leave to all that know you, Sir, who are all ſenſible what Virtues you make your Darlings, and choice of Virtue ſhews the Nobleneſs of our Temper, as much as Choice of Friends, the degrees of our Underſtandings; and if that be true that moſt men chooſe thoſe Virtues which are neareſt a-kin to their Darling Vices, I'm ſure 'twill be a ſtrong proof, that ev'n your Failings (for ev'ry Man has his ſhare of them too) are more Beneficial to the world, than the Vertues of a numerous part of Mankind. In Collonel *Codrington* indeed, we find the true Spirit and Bravery of Old *Rome*, that deſpiſes all dangers, that in the Race of Glory thou art the

Noble

Noble Chace. Nor can the manly Roughness of your Martial Temper (Fierce to none but your Countries Foes) destroy that ingaging sweetness your agreeable Conversation abounds with, which heightened with so large a share of Wit, Learning, and Judgment, improves as well as delights; so that to have known you any way, must give us some advantage or other. This it was that encourag'd me to dedicate this Play, Sir, to you, of which I may venture to say more, and with more assurance, than if it had been my own.

Mrs. *BEHN* was a Woman so Accomplish'd, and of so Establish'd a Fame among the Men of Sense, that I cou'd not suppose a very severe treatment from the Town, which has been very indulgent to the Performances of others; especially when, besides the Reputation of the *Author*, the Play it self had an Intrinsic Merit; for we find it full of Humour, Wit, and Variety; the Conversation Gay and Genteel, the Love, Soft and Pathetic, the incidents Natural, and Easy, and the Conduct of the Plot very Justifiable. So that I may reasonably impute its miscarriage to some Faction that was made against it, which indeed was very Evident on the First day, and more on the endeavours employ'd, to render the Profits of the Third, as small as could be.

It suffer'd not, I'm sure, in the Action, nor in Mr. *Verbruggen's* reading of some of his Part, since he lost nothing of the Force of Elocution, nor Gracefulness of Action; nor indeed can I, with Justice to my self, impute it to any part that I ventur'd to add to the Original; for all the Alterations which I made were in the first Act, in removing that old bustle about *Whigg* and *Tory*, (which was the Subject of most of the Second Scene) aad placing the Character of a *Rake-hell* in its room, which was so little, that it could not Influence a more Capricious Audience, to the Damning of the whole. There might indeed be some objections about the Plot, but not very Rational, I think; I'm sure, at least, 'tis the first Play, for some Years, could be quarrell'd at for having too much Plot. In the Edition however, I have put in a great deal, which the length of the Play oblig'd me to cut out for the Action.

Here

Here, Sir, if the Play had been my own, I ſhould have complain'd that the Town had its favourite Fools, as well as favourite Wits, and that Comedy or Farce from any other hand, wou'd no more go down with them, than their favourites will with true Judges that read, not ſee 'em. I ſhould have had indignation enough, perhaps, to've rail'd at the Criticks of all Degrees, and Denominations of Box and Pit, nay, Galleries too, and told 'em that they were ſo conceited of their own Wit, that they cou'd take no pleaſure in hearing that of another, or that Wit in a Play ſeeming to affront the Parts of the Audience, they ſuffer'd their Reſentment to deſtroy their Satisfaction. This, and a great many other Satyrical Reflections, which are Natural for a Diſappointed Poet to make, I ſhou'd then have vented; but being ſatisfy'd, that the Reputation of Mrs. *BEHN* is not affected by the malicious Endeavours of ſome of my Enemies, I now preſent it under your Patronage, Sir, to the more competent Judges; Proud of the Opportunity of Offering you an occaſion of ſo agreeable a Province, as the Protection of the unfortunate, and letting the World know how much I am, Sir,

Your Humble Servant,

Ch. Gildon.

An ACCOUNT of the Life of the Incomparable Mrs. BEHN.

MRS. *Behn*, was a woman of ſo Celebrated a fame while ſhe liv'd, and ſo eſteem'd by all that have read any thing of her writing ſince her Death, that I ſuppoſe a ſhort Account of her Life will be a very grateful preſent to the Ingenious. To give a perfect draught of her is a task of more weight than my preſent Time, and Affairs will allow, or indeed my Abilities, for to draw her to the Life, one muſt write like her, that is with all the ſoftneſs of her Sex, and all the fire of ours. But an indifferent sketch of ſo Admirable a Woman, will be welcome where no better is to be had, and that value which the Artiſt cannot give, it will gain from the Original.

Her Maiden Name was *Johnſon*, her father was a Gentleman of a good Family in *Canterbury* in *Kent*. Her Childhood ſhe paſs'd in that City, but not without the promiſes of the extraordinary Excellencies of her Riper years, both in Wit and Beauty; ſhe had always a great Inclination for Poetry, and was truly born a Poet, not made nor form'd by Induſtry. I muſt not be particular in all the little Accidents of her Child-hood, for that wou'd be more than my Reader would Pardon, tho moſt Writers of Lives take care to omit not the leaſt trivial Actions of the very infancy of the Perſons they wou'd Celebrate, and indeed make them often more conſiderable, than any of their Life. But one motive to that Impertinence I want, *Prolixity*; for I aim at as ſhort a Relation as poſſible. She was very Young when ſhe went with her Father, Mother, Brother and Siſters to *Surinam*, which Voyage was in nothing ſo conſiderable as the Admirable Hiſtory of *Oroonoko*, which it produc'd, and which has given the occaſion of ſo Celebrated a Tragedy. The diſappointmens of fortune in the loſs of her Relations and Friends there, oblig'd her to return for *England*, where ſhe Marry'd Mr. *Behn*, an Eminent Merchant; and in the time of the *Dutch* War, grew to ſuch an eſteem for Wit, nay and Judgment too; and which is more uncommon in the Fair Sex,

Secretly,

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Her Maiden Name was *Johnson*, her father was a Gentleman of a good Family in *Canterbury* in *Kent*. Her Childhood she pass'd in that City, but not without the promises of the extraordinary Excellencies of her Riper years, both in Wit and Beauty; she had always a great Inclination for Poetry, and was truly born a Poet, not made nor form'd by Industry. I must not be particular in all the little Accidents of her Child-hood, for that wou'd be more than my Reader would Pardon, tho most Writers of Lives take care to omit not the least trivial Actions of the very infancy of the Persons they wou'd Celebrate, and indeed make them often more considerable, than any of their Life. But one motive to that Impertinence I want, *Prolixity*; for I aim at as short a Relation as possible. She was very Young when she went with her Father, Mother, Brother and Sisters to *Surinam*, which Voyage was in nothing so considerable as the Admirable History of *Oroonoko*, which it produc'd, and which has given the occasion of so Celebrated a Tragedy. The disappointmens of fortune in the loss of her Relations and Friends there, oblig'd her to return for *England*, where she Marry'd Mr. *Behn*, an Eminent Merchant; and in the time of the *Dutch* War, grew to such an esteem for Wit, nay and Judgment too; and which is more uncommon in the Fair Sex,

Secretly,

Secresy, and Management of Publick Affairs; that she was employ'd by K. *Charles* the Second, in several Negotiations in *Flanders*, which requir'd Industry and Caution, and which she quitted with all the Applause Success cou'd gain a Beautiful Woman in the heart of a King, that had always a peculiar value for that Sex. How grateful he was, or whether her service made his satisfaction extend to a reward, I have forgot. But to that soft Court we owe her exerting her Poetical Genius, which for many years gave the sensible part of the Town so many agreeable Diversions. She was of a generous, and open temper, an easy and free Conversation, with abundance of Wit and nice Reasoning above most, if not all that I have ever observ'd in that Sex, which tho often happy in a brisk Wit, and pleasant Repartee, yet are, for want of Education, Study and Application of Mind, generally to seek in the nicer Observations, and Reflections of Judgment. The finer sort of Reasoning is most commonly out of their way, and indeed not so agreeable as a genteel railery, and at most a superficial Argumentation, built on the first Appearances of things, which are too often a very false and unfaithful Foundation. But Mrs. *Behn*, in the nicest Metaphysical points, would Argue with judgment, and extreamly happy distinctions; she would, with an engaging Air, enforce her Notions, with all the Justness of the most able Philosopher, tho not with his Majestical Roughness; which made all she said more prevalent with her Hearers. But this is not half her true Praise, for her Conversation was general, and never impertinent; her Vanity gave no Alloy to her Wit, and was no more than might justly Spring from Conscious Virtue; she never insinuated her Merit by any other means, than the Fine Things she spoke, which oblig'd others to praise her so much, that she could not put her Friends to the Blush to praise her self, tho that is a Vanity much more agreeable in a Lady, than in a Man; in the first, it saves a Man the Expence of Flatter, whilst he may cheaply do't by saying, *Amen*, to what the Lady advances of her own; but in the latter 'tis intolerable, and without excuse of either Pleasure or Profit.

To give the Reader a view of Her, or her Works, as they both require, would swell into a Volume, and provoke too much the Envy of the rest of her Sex, who, whilst the First

Place

Place every thing is not given to her may loſe their Malice and Envy in a generous Emulation of out-doing her in ſome excellence or other.

After what I have ſaid of Mrs. *Behn*, 'twill be concluded, that ſhe was too great a favourite of Nature, to have many obligations to fortune; at leaſt the latter part of her Life found her Circumſtances much below her Deſert; and after a tedious Sickneſs, and ſeveral years foregoing Indiſpoſition, ſhe dy'd ſoon after the Revolution, and lies now Bury'd in the *Cloyſters* of *Weſtminſter-Abby*, under a plain Marble Stone, with two Wretched Verſes for her Epitaph, who had her ſelf Wrote ſo many good.

Her Muſe was never ſubject to the Curſe of bringing forth with Pain; for ſhe always Writ with the greateſt eaſe in the world, and that in the midſt of Company, and Diſcourſe of other matters. I ſaw her my ſelf write *Oroonoko*, and keep her turn in Diſcourſing with ſeveral then preſent in the Room. Among ſeveral Pieces that I ſaw of hers, in her own handwriting, this following Play was one; which, ſpight of the malice of ſome, and folly of others, *who are dully vain of being hard to pleaſe*, as my Lord *Rocheſter* ſays, has intrinſick value enough to recommend it ſelf to the World, and condemn the Brutal Treatment it met with the firſt day.

PRO-

PROLOGUE, by an unknown hand.

Spoke by Mr. Powel.

AS Rivals of each other jealous prove,
And both ſtrive which ſhall gain the Lady's Love,
So we for your Affections daily Vie,
Not the intrigues in the Galery;
(Who ſqueezes hand of Phillis *mask'd, that ſtood*
Ogling for ſale in Velvet Scarf, and Hood)
Can with more paſſion his dear Nymph purſue,
Than we to make Diverſion fit for you.
Grant we may pleaſe, and we've our outmoſt Aim,
'Tis to your *favour only we lay Claim,*
In what can we oblige? Cou'd we preſent you
With Miſtreſs Young, *and ſafe, it wou'd content you;*
Then husbands weary'd out with Spouſe alone,
And hen-peck'd Keepers that drudge on with one,
I fancy hither wou'd in crewds reſort,
As thick as Men for Offices to Court:
Who'd ſtay behind, the Beau above three ſcore,
Wou'd hobble on and gape for one bit more;
Men of all Stations, from the Nobles down,
To grave Sir Roger *in his Cap and Gown,*
Wou'd hither come; but we ſome time muſt take,
E're we a projeƈt of ſuch moment make;
Since that's laid by, for your diverſion then,
We do invite the Brothers of the pen,
The Courtier, Lawyer, Soldier, Player too,
Wit ne're had more Encouragement than now,
Tho free, or Aliens to our ſtage we take 'em,
Not kick 'em out, but native ſubjects make 'em:
The Ladys too are always welcome here,
Let 'em in writing or in Box appear.
To that fair Sex we are oblig'd to day,
Oh! then be kind to a poor Orphan play,
Whoſe Parent while ſhe liv'd oblig'd you all,
You prais'd her living, and you mourn'd her fall.
Who cou'd like her, our ſofter Paſſions move,
The Life *of humour, and the* Soul *of Love,*
Wits Eldeſt Siſter, throughout every line,
You might perceive ſome Female Graces ſhine;
For poor Aſtrea's *infant we implore,*
Let it then live, tho ſhe is now no more.

Epi-

Spoken by Mr. Horden.

We're grown Impatient to be out of pain,
And fain wou'd know our fortune, loſs, or gain:
The Merchants phraſe mayn't be Improper now,
If ye our City Character allow..
But ſome Spruſe Criticks. I hear, ſwears 'tis ſtrange,
To take a powder'd Beau off from the Exchange;
A place more fam'd for Band, and dreſs preciſe,
For greaſy Cuckholds, Stockjobbers, and lies,
Than for a Spark o'th town, but now a days
The Cit ſets up in box, puffs, perfumes, plays,
And tho he paſſes for a Man of Trade,
Is the chief ſqueaker at the Maſquerade,
Let him his Siſter, or his wife beware,
'Tis not for nothing Courtiers go ſo far;
Thus for a while he holds, till Caſh is found
To be a Dr. many a woful Pound,
Then off he moves, and in another year
Turns true Alſatian, or Solicitor.
For we (except o'th ſtage) ſhall ſeldom find
To a poor broken Beau, a Lady kind,
Whilſt pow'rful Guinea *laſt, he's wondrous pretty,*
And much the fineſt Gentleman o'th City,
But when fob's empty, he's an odious Creature,
Fough he how he ſtinks? h'as not one taking feature,
Then ſuch an Awkard mein, and vulgar ſence,
I vow I wonder at his Impudence,
'Tis well Lejere *appear'd,* George *ows the prize*
To the Gay Monſieur, Footmen, and Diſguiſe,
Charms which few Engliſh Women can withſtand,
What cann't a Man of Quality command?
As to the faults, or Merits of the Play
We leave ye to be judges of, yet ſay,
Ye ought in juſtice to be kind to day.
For to our Coſt (alas we ſoon ſhall find,
Perhaps not half the mony ye deſign'd,
Conſider, Sirs, it goes to be refin'd.
And ſince in all Exchanges 'tis a notion,
For what ye take to be in due proportion,
So may we juſtly hope no wrong is done ye,
If ye have par of Wit, for par of Mony

Dram-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Prince Frederick	*Mr.* Verbrugen
Sir Rowland Marteen.	*Mr.* Johnſon
George Marteen	*Mr.* Powel
Mr. Welborn	*Mr.* Horden
Sir Merlin Marteen	*Mr.* Pinkerman
Sir Morgan Blunder	*Mr.* Bullock
Mr. Twang	*Mr.* Smeaton
Brittone	*Mr.* Kent

Conſtable and Watch.

WOMEN.

Mirtilla	*Mrs.* Knight
Olivia	*Mrs.* Verbrugen
Tereſia	*Mrs.* Temple
Lady Blunder	*Mrs.* Powel
Mrs. Menage	*Mrs.* Willis
Lady Youthly	*Mrs.* Harris

THE

THE Younger Brother: OR, THE Amorous Jilt.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Chamber.*

Enter George Marteen, *in a Rich Riding Habit, with his Valet* Britton.

Geo. WEre you with Mrs. *Manage*, *Britton?*

Britt. Yes Sir; And she cries as much for her wanting Room for you in her House, as she would have done some Forty Years ago for a Disapointment of her Lover. But she assures me, the Lodging she has taken for you, is the best in all *Lincolns-Inn-Fields.*

Geo. And did you charge her to send *Mirtilla*'s Page to me?

Britt. I did Sir; and he'll be with you instantly.

Geo. 'Tis well---- Then shall I hear some News of my *Mirtilla.* (*aside.* *Britton*, hast thee, and get my Equipage in order; a handsome Coach, rich Liveries, and more Footmen; for 'tis Appearance only passes in the

World.--- And de you hear, take care none know me by any other Name than that of *Lejere.*

Britt. I ſhall Sir. (*Exit.*)

Geo. I came not from *Paris* into *England*, as my Old Father thinks to reform into a Dull wretched Life in *Wales*. No, I'll rather truſt my kind Miſtreſs Fortune, that has ſtill kept me like her Darling, than purchaſe a Younger Brother's narrow Stipend, at the Expence of my Pleaſure and Happineſs.

Enter Olivia *in a Pages Habit. She runs and Embraces* George.

Oliv. My ever charming Brother!

Geo. My beſt, my dear *Olivia!*

Oliv. The ſame lovely man ſtill!

Thy Gallantry and Beauty's are all thy own; *Paris* could add no Graces to thy Air; nor yet pervert it into Affectation.

Geo. Spare me, and tell me how *Mirtilla* fares.

Oliv. I think, Brother, I writ you word to *Paris*, of a Marriage concluded betwixt me, and *Welborn*?

Geo. That Letter I receiv'd, but from the Dear *Mirtilla*, not one ſoft word; not one tender Line has bleſt my Eyes, has Eas'd my panting Heart this tedious three Months ſpace; and thou with whom I left the weighty Charge of her dear Heart, to watch her lovely Eyes, to give me notice when my Rivals preſs'd, and when ſhe waver'd in her Faith to me, even thou wert ſilent to me, cruel Siſter.

Oliv. Thou wilt be like a Lover preſently, and tire the Hearer with a Book of words, of heavy Sighs, Dying Languiſhments, and all that huddle of Nonſenſe; and not tell me how you like my Marriage.

Geo. Welborn's my Friend, and worthy of thy Heart.

Oliv. I never ſaw him yet, and to be ſold unſeen, and unſigh'd for in the Flower of my Youth and Beauty, gives me a ſtrange averſion to the Match.

Geo. Oh! you'l like him when you ſee him---But my *Mirtilla.*

Oliv. Like him--- no, no, I never ſhall--- what, come a ſtranger to my Husbands Bed? 'Tis Proſtitution in the lewdeſt manner, without the Satisfaction; the Pleaſure of Variety, and the Bait of Profit, may make a lame Excuſe for Whores, who change their Cullies, and quit their Nauſeous Fools---No, no, my Brother, when Parents grow Arbitrary, 'tis time we look into our Rights and Priviledges; therefore, my dear *George*, if e're thou hope for Happineſs in Love, Aſſiſt my Diſobedience.

Geo. In any worthy Choice beſure of me, but canſt thou wiſh happineſs in Love, and not inform me ſomething of *Mirtilla.*

Oliv. I'll tell you better News--- Our hopeful Elder Brother, Sir *Merlin*, is like to be diſinherited, for he is, Heaven bethanked---

Geo. Marry'd to ſome Town Jilt, the common fate of Coxcombs.

Oliv. Not ſo, my dear *George*, but ſets up for a Celebrated Rake-hell, as well as Gameſter; he cou'd not have found out a more dextrous way to 've made thee Heir to four Thouſand Pounds a Year.

Geo. What's that without *Mirtilla*?

Oliv.

Oliv. Prithee no more of her---Love ſpoils a fine Gentleman: Gaming, Whoring and Fighting, may qualify a man for Converſation; but Love perverts all ones thoughts, and makes us fit Company for none but ones ſelf, for even a Miſtriſs can ſcarce diſpence with a ſighing, whining Lovers Company long, tho' all he ſays flatters her Pride.

Geo. Why doſt thou trifle with me, when thou knoweſt the Violence of my Love?

Oliv. I wiſh I could any way divert your Thoughts from her, I would not have your Joy depend on ſuch a fickle Creature.

Geo. Mirtilla Falſe? What my *Mirtilla* Falſe?

Oliv. Even your *Mirtilla*'s Falſe, and Married to another.

Geo. Married! *Mirtilla* Married? 'Tis impoſſible.

Oliv. Nay Married to that Bawling, Drinking Fool, Sir *Morgan Blunder.*

Geo. Married, and Married to Sir *Morgan Blunder*, a ſot, an ill-bred fenceleſs Fool; almoſt too great a Fool to make a Country Juſtice?

Oliv. No doubt, ſhe had her Aims in't, he's a very Convenient Husband I'll aſſure you, and that ſuits her Temper: he has Eſtate and Folly enough, and ſhe has Youth, and wantonneſs enough to match 'em.

Geo. Her choice gives me ſome Comfort and ſome Hopes; for I'll perſue her, but for Revenge, not Love.

Oliv. Forget her rather, for ſhe's not worth Revenge, and that way 'twill be none; Proſtitute in Soul as Body, ſhe doats even on me in Breeches.

Geo. On thee, her Page; doat on thee, a Youth; ſhe knew thee not as Woman.

Oliv. No, that Secret I have kept to do you Service. ----- At firſt ſhe ſaid ſhe lov'd me for your ſake, becauſe you recommended me, and when I Sung, or plaid upon my Flute, wou'd kiſs my Cheek, and Sigh, and often, (when alone) wou'd ſend for me, and Smile, and Talk, and ſet my Hair in Curles, to make me Saucy and Familiar with her. One Day ſhe ſaid, *Endimion*, thy Name-ſake, was thus Careſs'd by *Cynthia*. A Goddeſs did not ſcorn the humble Swain, whom by her Love ſhe equall'd to her Deity; ſhe found that I had Senſe to underſtand her, and paid her Advances back with equal Ardour.

Geo. Oh! Curſe, where learnt ſhe all this wickedneſs? (*Aſide.*

Oliv. But ſhe being oblig'd to go for *Flanders*, to ſee her Siſter take the Holy Habit, I feign'd a Sickneſs to be left behind, hoping that Abſence might abate her Flame; yet ſhe return'd more Amorous, and fearing the Thefts of Love might wound her Honour, ſhe thought a Husband would ſecure that ſhame; and luckily my Aunt arriv'd from *Wales*, and brought Sir *Morgan* with her, who Lodging where we did, at Mrs. *Manages*; My Aunt (that doats on Quality in either Sex) made up this haſty Match, unknown to me, though for my ſake.

Geo. What will not Faithleſs Woman do when ſhe is raging.

Oliv. And now having ſo well prepar'd the way, ſhe grows impatient for an Opportunity, and thou art Arriv'd moſt happily to ſuccour me.

Geo. No, for ſome Days keep this Habit on, it may be uſeful to us, but I muſt ſee this Faithleſs Perjur'd Woman, which I muſt contrive with Mrs. *Manage.*

Oliv. Yet pray reſolve to ſee my Father firſt; for now's the Critical Time to make thy Fortune; he came to Town laſt Night, and lodges here at Mrs. *Manages*, with my Aunt *Blunder.*

Geo. What in the Houſe with thee, and not know thee?

Oliv. No more than a Prieſt Compaſſion; he thinks me at *Hackney*, making wax Babies, where he intends to viſit me within theſe three days. ------ But I forgot to tell you, our Brother, Sir *Merlin* Lodges in this Houſe with you, and ſhou'd he know you-----

Geo. 'Tis impoſſible — I've not ſeen him, or my Father, theſe five Years. Abſence, my Growth, and this unexpected Equipage, will not be penetrated by his Capacity.

Oliv. True, he'll never look for his Brother *George*, in the Galantry and Perſon of Monſieur *Lejere*— My good Father Expects you Home, like the Prodigal Son, all Torn and Tatter'd, and as Penitent too,

Geo. To Plod on here in a Laborious Cheating all my Youth and Vigour, in hopes of drunken Pleaſures when I'm old: Or elſe go with him into *Wales*, and there lead a thoughtleſs Life, Hunt, and Drink, and make Love to none but Chambermaids. No, my *Olivia*, I'le Uſe the Sprightly Runnings of my Life, and not hope diſtant Pleaſures from its dregs.

Oliv. For that, uſe your Diſcretion; now Equip your ſelf to your preſent buſineſs, the more ſimply you are clad and look, the better. I'll home, and Expect you. *Exit.*

Geo. Do ſo, my good Sifter, a little formal Hipocriſy may do, 'twill reliſh after Liberty; for a Pleaſure is never ſo well Taſted, as when it's ſeaſon'd with ſome oppoſition.

Enter Britton.

Britt. Sir, I've News to tell you, will ſurprize you, Prince *Predrick* is Arriv'd.

Geo. Is't Poſſible? I left him going for *Flanders.*

Britt. Paſſing by our Door, and ſeeing your Livery, enquir'd for you, and finding you here, alighted juſt now. But ſee, Sir, he's here.

Enter Prince Fredrick; *they meet and Embrace.*

Geo. My Life's preſerver, welcome to my Arms, as health to ſick men.

Fred. And thou to mine, as the kind Miſtreſs to the longing Lover; My Soul's Delight, and Darling of the Fair.

Geo.

Geo. Ah! Prince, you touch my bleeding Wound.

Fred. Ha! *Lejere*, leave to unhappy Lovers, thoſe ſighs, thoſe folded Arms, and down caſt Eyes.

Geo. Then they are fit for me: my Miſtreſs, Sir, that Treaſure of my Life, for whom you've heard me ſigh, is perjur'd, falſe, and married to another. Yet what is worſe, I find my Prince, my Friend, here in my Native Country, and am not able to pay him what his Greatneſs merits.

Fred. You pain me when you compliment my Friendſhip. *(Embracing.)*

Geo. Perhaps you will not think me worth this Honour when you ſhall hear my Story.

Prince. Thou canſt ſay nothing I can value leſs.

Geo. Perhaps too my way of Living has deceiv'd you, being ſtill receiv'd by Princes, as Companions in all their Riots, Loves, and Divertiſements, where ev'n you, did me the Honour to Eſteem, and call me Friend.

Prince. What e're thou art, I'm ſure thy Mind's illuſtrious.

Geo. My Family, I muſt confeſs, is Honourable; but, Sir, my Father was the Younger Houſe, of which my unhappy ſelf was deſtin'd to be laſt: I'm a *Cadet*, thet out-caſt of my Family, and born to that Curſe of our Old *Engliſh* Cuſtom: Whereas in other Countries, Younger Brothers are train'd up to the Exerciſe of Arms, where Honour and Renown attend theBrave: we baſely bind our Youngeſt out to Slavery, to Lazy Trades, idly confin'd to Shops or Merchants Books, debaſing of the Spirit to the mean Cunning, how to Cheat and Chaffer.

Prince. A Cuſtom inſupportable.---

Geo. To this, to this low wretchedneſs of Life, your Servant Sir--- was deſtin'd by his Parents, and am yet this Bound Indentur'd Slave.

Prince. Thou haſt no cauſe to quarrel with thy Stars, ſince Vertue is moſt Vallu'd when Oppreſt---Are all your Merchants Apprentices, thus Gay.

Geo. Not all---But, Sir, I could not bow my mind to this ſo neceſſary Drudgery, and yet however, I aſſum'd my Native Temper, when out o'th' Trading City; in it, I forc'd my Nature to a dull ſlovenly Gravity, which well enough deceiv'd the buſy Block-heads; my Cloaths and Equipage I ledg'd at this End of the Town, where I ſtill paſs'd for ſomething better than I was, when e're I Pleas'd to change the Trader for the Gentleman.

Prince. And liv'd thus undiſcover'd----

Geo. With Eaſe, ſtill Lov'd and Courted by the Great, ever Play'd high with thoſe durſt venture moſt; and durſt make Love where're my fancy lik'd, but ſometimes running out my Maſters Caſh, (which was ſupply'd ſtill by my Father) they ſent me, to Reform my Expenſive Life, a Factor, into *France*--- ſtill I Eſſay'd to be a Plodding Thriver, but found my Parts not form'd for Dirty buſineſs.

Prince. There's not a Thought, an Action of thy Soul, that does not tend to ſomething far more Glorious.

Geo. If yet you think me worthy of your Favour, command that Life, you have ſo oft preſerv'd.

Prince.

Prince. No more;---Thou haſt encreaſt my Value for thee.--- Oh! take my Heart, and ſee how't has been us'd by a Fair Charmer, ſince I ſaw thee laſt--- that ſullen day we Parted, you for *England*, you may remember, I deſign'd for *Flanders*.

Geo. I do with Malancholly, Sir, remember it,

Prince. Arriv'd at *Ghent*, I went to ſee an *Engliſh* Nun Initiated, where I beheld the pretty Innocent, deliver'd up a Victim to Fooliſh Chaſtity; but among the Relations, then attending the Sacrifice, was a Fair Siſter of the Young Votreſs, but ſo ſurpaſſing all I'd ſeen before, that I neglecting the Dull Holy Buſineſs, Pay'd my Devotion to that Kneeling Saint.

Geo. That was the neareſt way to Heaven, my Lord.

Prince. Her Face, that had a thouſand Charms of Youth, was height'n'd with an Air of Languiſhment; a lovely Sorrow, dwelt upon her Eyes, that Taught my New-born-Paſſion Awe and Reverence.

Geo. This Deſcription of her, Fires me.--- (*aſide*)

Prince. Her Dimpl'd Mouth, her Neck, her Hand, her Hair, a Majeſty, and Grace in every Motion, compleated my Undoing; I rav'd, I burnt, I languiſh'd with deſire, the Holy Place cou'd ſcarce contain my madneſs; with Pain, with Torture, I reſtrain'd my Paſſion when ſhe retir'd, led ſadly from the Alter; I, mixing with the Crowd, enquir'd her Name, and Country; her Servant told me, that ſhe was of Quality, and liv'd in *England*, nay, in this very Town, this gave me Anguiſh not to be conceiv'd, till I reſolv'd to follow her, which is the cauſe you find me here ſo ſoon: thy Aid, thy Aid, *Lejere*, or I am loſt.

Geo. I wiſh to live no longer, then to ſerve your Highneſs, if ſhe be Sir a Maid of Quality, I ſhall ſoon find her out, and then you'l eaſily Conquer. You've all the Youth, and Beauty, that can Charm, and what gains moſt upon a womans heart, you've powerful Title Sir, a ſort of Philter, that ne'r fails to win. But you've not told me yet the Ladies name.

Prince. I had forgot that;---- 'Tis in theſe Tablets write: I'm now in haſt, going to receive ſome Bills: I *Gives him the* Lodg at *Welborns*, who came over with me, being ſent for *Tablets.* to be Marry'd.

Geo. I know the Houſe, 'tis in *Southampton-Square.* I'll wait upon your Highneſs---- (*Exit* Prince.)

Geo. Let me ſee--- Daughter to a Deceas'd Lord, a Maid, *Opening the* and no Dowry, but Beauty, Living in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*,--- *tablets, reads.* Ha!---her Name *Mirtilla*! *Mirtilla.* (*Pauſes*)

Prince, thou haſt paid thy ſelf, for all the Favours done me. *Mirtilla*!---- (*Pauſes.*)

Why yes, *Mirtilla*! He takes but what ſhe has given away already.---

Oh! Damn her, ſhe has broke her Faith, her Vows, and is no longer mine--- And thou'rt my Friend. (*Pauſes again.*)

Mirtilla's but my Miſtriſs, and has taken all the Repoſe of my poor Life away--- Yes, let him take her, I'll reſign her to him; and therefore ſhut my

my Eyes againſt her Charms; Fix her inconſtancy about my Heart, and ſcorn whatever ſhe can give me. (*Exit.*)

SCENE II. *A Chamber.*

Enter Sir Morgan Blunder *in a Night-Gown and Cap; to him* Manage *with a Candle.*

Man. Your Lady mother has ſent you a Candle, Sir.

Sir *Morg.* Good Mrs. *Manage*, remember my kind Love to my Lady mother, and tell her, I thank her for her Poſſet, but never eat in a morning after hard drinking over night.

Man. Ah, Sir, but now you're marry'd to a fine Lady, you ought to make much of your ſelf.

Sir *Mor.* Good Madam, as little of your Matrimony as of your Candle; my ſtomach is plaguy ſquemiſh, and a hair of the Old Dog's worth both of 'em. Oh! ſick! ſick!

Enter Sir Merlin, *ſinging a Song in praiſe of a Rake-hell's Life.*

A Song.

The Town-Rake.

Written by Mr. *Motteux.*

I.

WHat Life can compare with the Jolly Town-Rake's,
When in Youth his full Swing of all pleaſure he takes!
At Noon he get up, for a Whet, and to dine,
And wings the dull hours with Mirth, Muſick and Wine;
Then Jogs to the Play-houſe, *and chats with the Masks,*
And thence to The Roſe, *where he takes his Three Flasks.*
There, great as a Cæſar, *he revels, when drunk,*
And ſcours all he meets, as he reels to his Punk;
Then finds the dear Girl in his Arms when he wakes.
What Life can compare with the Jolly Town-Rake's!

II.

He, like the Great Turk, *has his Favourite She;*
But the Town's his Seraglio, *and ſtill he lives free.*
Sometimes ſhe's a Lady; but as he muſt range,
Black Betty, *or* Oyſter-Doll, *ſerves for a Change.*
As he varies his Sports, his whole Life is a Feaſt;
He thinks him that's ſobereſt the moſt like a Beaſt.

At

At Houſes of Pleaſure breaks Windows and Doors;
Kicks Bullies and Cullies, then lies with their Whores.
Rare work for the Surgeon, and Midwife he makes.
What Life can compare with the Jolly Town-Rake's!

III.

Thus in Covent-Garden *he makes his Campaign,*
And no Coffee-houſe haunts, but to ſettle his Brain.
He laughs at dry Morals, and never does think,
Unleſs 'tis to get the beſt Wenches and Drink.
He dwells in a Tavern, and lies ev'ry where,
And improving his hours, lives an Age in a Year:
For as Life is uncertain, he loves to make haſte;
And thus he lives longeſt, becauſe he lives faſt.
Then a Leap in the Dark to the Devil he takes.
What Death can compare with the Jolly Town-Rake's!

Sir Mer. Why, how now, Sir *Morgan*, I ſee you'l make a Husband of the Right Town Mode: What, married but four days, and at your ſeparate Appartment already?

Sir *Morg.* A Plague of your what de call ums.

Sir *Merl.* Rakhells you would ſay, Couſin, an honourable Appellation for men of Bravery.

Sir Morg. Ay, ay, your Rakehells---- I was never ſo mudl'd with Treaſon. Tierce Claret, Oaths and Dice all the Days of my Life-- Was I in caſe to do Family duty, S'life you drank down all my Love, all my Prudence too; Gad forgive me for it.

Sir *Merl.* Why, how the Devil cam'ſt thou to bear thy Liquor ſo ill? Ods my Life, you Drunk like a *French man* new come to the Univerſity;

Sir *Morg.* Pox, I can bear their Drinking as well as any Man, but your *London* way of Bouſing and Politics does not agree with my Conſtitution; look ye, Couſen, ſet quietly to't, and I'll ſtand my Ground, but to have Screaming Whores, Noiſy Bullies, Rattling Dice, Swearing and Curſing Gamſters, Couſ. turns the Head of a Country Drinker, more than the Wine.

Sir *Merl.* Oh! Uſe Couſen, will make an able Man.

Sir *Morg.* Uſe, Couſen, Uſe me no Uſes, for if ever you catch me at your Damn'd Clubs again, I'll give you my Mother for a Maid; why you talk down right Treaſon.

Sir *Merl.* Treaſon, ay---

Sir *Morg.* Ah Couſen, why we talk't enough to--, Hang us all.

Sir *Merl.* My Honeſt Country Couz. when wilt thou underſtand the *Guelphs*, and the *Gibelins*; and learn to talk Treaſon o' this ſide the Lan? Bilk a Whore, without Remorſe, break Windows, and not pay for 'em; Drink your Bottle without asking Queſtions; Kill your Man without letting him Draw; Play away your Mony, without fear of your Spouſe, and ſtop her Mouth by Undermining her Noſe?

Sir *Morg.*

Sir *Mor.* Come, come, look you Couſin, one word of Advice now I'm ſober; what the Devil ſhould provoke thee and me to put our ſelves, on our Twelve Godfathers for a Frolick? We who have Eſtates, I ſhou'd be loth to leave the World with a ſcurvy Song, compoſed by the Poet *Sternold.*

Enter at the Door Sir Rowland, *hearkning.*

Or why, de ſee, ſhou'd I expoſe my Noddle to the Billmen in Flannel, and lie in the *Roundhouſe*, when I may go to bed in a whole skin with my Lady Wife.

Sir *Merl.* Gad, Sir *Morgan*, thou haſt ſometimes pretty ſmart Satyrical Touches with thee; Uſe but *Will*'s Coffee a little, and with thy Eſtate, and that Talent, thou maiſt ſet up for a Wit.

Sir *Morg.* Mercy upon me, Sir *Merlin*, thou art ſtark mad: What, I a Wit! I had rather be one of your Rakehells; for, look ye, a man may ſwear and ſtare, or ſo, break Windows, and Drawers Heads, or ſo; unrig a Needy Whore, and yet keep ones Eſtate; but ſhou'd I turn Wit, 'twere impoſſible; for a Wit with an Eſtate, is like a Priſoner among the Canibals.

Sir *Merl.* How ſo, good Sir *Morgan*?

Sir *Morg.* Why, the Needy Rogues only feed him with praiſe, to fatten him for their Palates, and then devour him.

Sir *Merl.* I applaud your Choice, Couſin; for what man of Bravery wou'd not prefer a Rake to a Wit? The one enjoys the pleaſures, the other can only Rail at; and that not out of Conſcience, but Impotence; for alas! a Wit has no quarrel to Vice in perfection, but what the Fox had to the Grapes; He can't play away his Hundred Pound at ſight; his Third Day won't afford it; and therefore he Rails at Gameſters, Whores ſhun him, as much as Noblemen, and for the ſame cauſe, mony; Thoſe care not to ſell their Carcaſſes for a Sonnet, nor theſe to ſcatter their Guinea's, to be told an Old Tale of a Tub, they were ſo well acquainted with before.

Sir *Morg.* What's that, Sir *Merlin*?

Sir *Merl.* Why, their Praiſe;---- For the Poets Flattery ſeldom reaches the Patron's Vanity; And what's too ſtrong ſeaſon'd for the reſt of the World, is too weak for their Palates.

Sir *Morg.* Why, look ye, Couſin, you're a ſhrewd Fellow; Whence learn'd you this Satyr; for I'm ſure 'tis none of thy own; for I ſhou'd as ſoon ſuſpect thee guilty of Good Nature, as Wit.

Sir *Merl.* I ſcorn it; and therefore I confeſs I ſtole the Obſervation from a Poet; but the Devil pick his Bones for diverting me from the Noble Theam of Rakehells.

Sir *Morg.* Noble Theam, Sir *Merlin*! look yee, de ſee: Don't miſtake me; I think 'tis a very ſcurvy one; and I wou'd not have your Father know that you ſet up for ſuch a Reprobate; for Sir *Rowland* would certainly diſinherit thee.

Sir *Merl.* O keep your muſty morals to your ſelf, good Country Couz; They'll do you ſervice to your *Welch* Criminals, for ſtealing an Hen, or

breaking up a Wenches incloſure, or ſo, Sir *Morgan*; but for me, I deſpiſe 'em: I have not been admitted into the Family of the *Rakehellorums* for this, Sir: Let my Father drink Old *Adam*, read the *Pilgrim's Progreſs*, *The Country Juſtices Calling*, or for a Regale, drink the dull manufacture of Malt and Water; I defie him; he can't cut off the Entail, of what is ſettled on me; and for the reſt, I'le truſt Dame *Fortune*; and pray to the Three Fatal Siſters to cut his Rotten Thread in Two, before he thinks of any ſuch Wickedneſs.

Enter Sir Rowland *in a great Rage.*

Sir *Rowl.* Will you ſo, Sir? Why how now Sirrah! get you out of my Houſe, Rogue; get out of my Doors, Raſcal. (*beats him.*)

Enter Lady Blunder.

Lady *Blund.* Upon my Honour now, Brother, what's the matter? Whence this Ungenerous Diſturbance?

Sir *Rowl.* What's the matter? the Diſturbance! Why, ſiſter, this Rogue here —— this unintelligible graceleſs Raſcal, here, will needs ſet up for a Rakehell, when there's ſcarce ſuch a thing in the Nation, above an Ale-draper's Son, and chuſes to be awkerdly out of Faſhion, meerly for the ſake of Tricking and Poverty; and keeps company with the ſenſeleſs, profane, lazy, idle, Noiſie, Groveling Raſcals, purely for the ſake of ſpending his Eſtate like a Notorious Blockhead: But I'le take care he ſhall not have what *I* can diſpoſe of: You'l be a Rake-hell, will you?

Lady *Blun.* How Couſin! Sure you'l not be ſuch a filthy beaſtly thing, will you?

Sir *Merl.* Lord, Aunt, *I* only go to the Club ſometimes, to improve my ſelf in the Art of Living, and the Accompliſhments of a fine Gentleman.

Sir *Row.* A fine Gentleman, Sot, a fine Coxcomb. (*beats him.*)

Sir *Morg.* Hold, hold, good Unkle, my Couſin has been only drawn in, a little, or ſo, de ſee, being Heir to a good Eſtate; and that's what his Club wants, to pay off Old Tavern Scores, and buy Utenſils for Whores in Faſhion.

Sir *Row.* My Eſtate ſold to pay Tavern Scores, and keep Naſty Whores!

La. *Blun.* Whores! ay filthy creatures; do they deal in Whores? Pray Couſin, what's a Rake-hell?

Sir *Row.* A Rake-hell is a man that defies Law and good manners, nay and good ſenſe too; hates both Morality and Religion, and that not for any Reaſon (for he never thinks), but meerly becauſe he don't underſtand 'em; He's the Whore's protection and puniſhment, the Bawds Tool, the Sharpers Bubble, the Vintners Property, the Drawers Terror, the Glaſiers Benefactor: in ſhort, a Roaring thoughtleſs, heedleſs, ridiculous, univerſal Coxcomb.

Sir

Sir *Merl.* O Lord, Aunt, no more like him than an Attorney's like an honeſt man. Why a Rake-hell is——

Sir *Row.* What ſiraah! what you rebel? (*ſtrikes him.*)

La. *Blun.* Nay, Good Brother, permit my Nephew to tell us his Notion.

Sir *Merl.* Why, Aunt, I ſay a Rake-hell is your only Man of Beavery; he ſlights all the Force of Fortune, and ſticks at no Hazard —— Plays away his hundred pounds at ſight, pays a Ladies Bill at ſight, drinks his Bottle without Equivocation, and fights his Man without any provocation.

Sir *Row.* Nay then Mr. Rogue, I'll be ſworn thou art none: Come, Sir, will you fight, Sir? will you fight, Sir? Ha! (*Draws his Sword.*)

Sir *Merl.* Fight, Sir! fight Sir?

Sir *Row.* Yes, fight, Sir: Come, ſpare your Prayers to the Three Fatal ſiſters, and cut my Thread thy ſelf, thou Graceleſs, Reprobate Raſcal —— Come, come on, you Man of Bravery. (*Runs at Sir* Merlin, *who retires before him. Sir* Morgan *holds Sir* Rowland.)

Sir *Merl.* Oh, good Sir, hold; *I* recant, Sir, *I* recant.

Sir *Rowl.* (*putting up*) Well, I'm ſatisfied thou'lt make no good Rake-hell, in this Point, whatever you will in the others; And ſince Nature has made thee a Coward, Inclination a Coxcomb, I'le take care to make thee a Beggar; and ſo thou ſhalt be a Rake-hell but in Will. I'le diſinherit thee, *I* will, Villain.

La. *Blun.* What, diſinherit your Eldeſt Son, Brother?

Sir *Merl.* Ay, Aunt, his very Heir Apparent? Aunt to ſhow you how the Old Gentleman has miſ-repreſented us. Give me leave to preſent you a Dance.---I provided to Entertain your Son with, in which is repreſented all the Beauties of our Lives.

L. Blun. Oh! by all means, Couſen, by all means.

Sir *Mark.* What hoa? Roger bring in the Dancers.

Here the Dance, repreſenting Rake-hells Conſtable watch, &c.

Enter Phillip.

Phil. Sir, who do's your Worſhip think is arriv'd.

Sir *Row.* My Son *George*, I hope, come in the Nick.

Phil. Even ſo, Sir, from *Paris*--- *Exit.*

Sir *Rowl.* The Prodigal Return'd, then Kill the Fatted Calf?

Enter George *Dreſt like a Prentice.*

---My own dear Boy, thou art welcome to my (*Kneels*) Arms, as e're thy Mother was; for whoſe dear ſake I pardon all thy Follies.

Sir *Merl.* (*aſide*) Ay, Sir, I had a Mother too, or I'm bely'd---(*weeping*)

Pox take him that he ſhould come juſt in the Nick, as the Old Fellow ſays--- (*aſide.*)

Sir *Row.* Yes, you had a Mother.

Whom in my Youth I was compel'd to Marry; and Gad, I think, I got thee with as ill a will, but *George* and my *Olivia*? In heat of Love, when my deſire was New. But hark ye Boy *George*, you have coſt me a damn'd deal of Mony, Surrah; but you ſhall Marry, and Redeem all *George*.

Geo. What you pleaſe, Sir, to ſtudy Virtue, Duty, and Allegience, ſhall be my future buſineſs.

Sir *Row.* Well ſaid *George*! Here's a Boy now.

Sir *Merl.* Vertue and Allegiance, Lord, Lord, how came ſo ſneaking a fellow to ſpend Five Thouſand Pounds of his Maſters Caſh?

Sir *Row.* She's Rich, *George*, but ſomething homely.

Geo. She'll not be Proud then, Sir.

Sir *Row.* Not much of her Beauty--- ſhe's of a good ſtaid Age too, about ſome fourſcore.

Geo. Better ſtill, Sir, I ſhall not fear Cuckoldom.

Sir *Row.* For that I cannot Anſwer; but ſhe has two Thouſand a year. I mean to ſettle my Family, and then--- Marry my ſelf *George*.

La. *Blun.* What to this old Ladies Grand-daughter? Methinks ſhe's more fit for your Son, Sir *Merlin*, and the Old Lady for you.

Sir *Row.* No, no, the Young Rogues can help themſelves with Miſtreſſes; but 'tis well if an old man can keep his Wife to himſelf--- I've invited 'em to Dinner to day, and ſee, they are come.

Enter Lady Youthly, *led by her Chaplin, and leaning on a Staff, and* Tereſia.

La. *Youth.* Where's Sir *Rowland Marteen*? Oh, your Servant, Sir, I am come. *Runs againſt* George.

Chap. Your Ladyſhip is miſtaken, this is not Sir *Rowland*, but a Handſome proper Young Man.

La. *Youth.* A young man! I cry you mercy heartily--- young man, I a lighted in the Sun, and am almoſt Blind.

Geo. With wonderous Old Age. (*a ſide.*)

La. *You.* Good lack, Sir *Rowland*, that I ſhou'd miſtake a young man ſo!

Sir *Row.* Ay, Madam, and ſuch a young man too.

La. *Youth.* Ay, ay, I ſee him now. (*Puts on her Spectacles.*)

Geo. S'death, what a Sepulcher is here, to bury a Husband in? How came ſhe to eſcape the Flood? for ſure ſhe was not born ſince. (*aſide.*)

Sir *Row.* This is the luſty lad, my Son *George*, I told your Ladyſhip of.

La. *Youth.* Cot ſo, cot ſo, is it ſo Sir, I ask your Pardon, Sir. Mr. *Twang*, take a ſurvey of him, and give me your Opinion of his Perſon, and his Parts.

Twang.

Twang. Truly Madam, the young Man is of a comly Perſonage and Lineaments.

La. *Youth.* Of what Sir---Lord, I have ſuch a Cold. (*Cough's*)

Geo. Which ſhe got when the *Pickts* went Naked.

L. *Blun.* Madam, you have a Power over Sir *Rowland*; Pray intreat him to take his Son, Sir *Merlin*, into Grace again. (*To* Tereſia.)

Tere. That, Sir, you muſt grant me, pray let me know the Quarrel. (Sir Rowland *ſeems to tell.*)

Geo. By Heaven ſhe's Fair as the firſt Ruddy Streakes of Opening Day. (*Looking on* Tereſia.) Young as the Budding Roſe, ſoft as a *Cupid*, but never felt his Dart, ſhe is ſo full of Life and Gayity. Pray, Madam, who is that Lady. (*To La.* Blun.)

La. Blun. The Grand-Child of your Miſtreſs, and your Mother that muſt be.

Geo. Then I ſhall Cuckhold my Father, that's certain. (*aſide.*)

Sir *Rowl.* For your ſake, Madam, once again I re-eſtabliſh him in my Family, but the firſt fault Caſhier's him--- Come let's in--- here my Lady *Youthly*, take *George* by the Hand, but have a care of the young Rogue, if he comes once to touch ſo Brisk a Widow, he ſets her Heart on Fire.

Geo. Which will burn like a ſnuff of a Candle. No Body will be able to endure it. (*aſide.*)

----So Fortune, I ſee, provides for me.

On this Hand Wealth, on that young Pleaſures Lye:
He ne're wants theſe, who has that Kind Supply.

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Sir Rowland, Tereſia, *and* Lady Youthly, *&c.*

L. *Youth.* WEll, Sir *Rowland*, if I ſhould be inclin'd to caſt away my ſelf on your Son *George*, what wou'd you ſettle--

Sir *Row.* Settle, not a ſouſe Madam, he carries the beſt Younger Brothers Fortune in *Chriſtendom* about him.

L. *Youth.* Why, the Young Man's deſerving, I confeſs. But he's your Sun, Sir *Rowland*, and ſomething ought to be ſettled upon the Heirs of our Bodies, Lawfully begotten.

Sir *Row.* (*aſide.*) All *Hercules* his Labours, were a Jigg to his that ſhall beget 'em.

Sir. *Rowland*, If you like him upon theſe terms, to make him Maſter of your Fortune---

L. *Youth.* For that, let him truſt to me, and his own deſervings.

Sir *Row.* No truſting in theſe Fickle Times, Madam--- Why, I'll let the young ſturdy Rogue out to Hire; he'll make a pretty Lively-hood at Journey-work; and ſhall a Maſter-Workman, a Husband deſerve nothing?

L. *Youth.* Ay, theſe Husbands that know their own Strength, as they ſay, ſet ſo high a Value on their Conjugal Vertues--- And if he be Diſloyal again a t'other ſide he gives a Wife ſo ill an Example--- for we are all Lyable to Temptations.

Sir *Rowl.* Well ſaid, if thou beeſt ſo, it muſt be the Old Tempter himſelf. (*aſide.*)

(*Alone.*) Look ye, Madam, I'll propoſe a fair Swap, if you'll conſent that I ſhall marry *Tereſia*, I'll conſent that you ſhall Marry *George*.

L. *Youth.* How, my Grand-daughter? Why, I deſign'd her for your Eldeſt Son, Sir *Merlin*; and ſhe has a good Fortune of Five Hundred a year that I cannot hinder her of; and is too young for you.

Sir *Rowl.* So is *George* for your Ladiſhip; and as for his Fortune, 'tis more than likely, I ſhall make him my Eldeſt Son.

L. Youth. Say you ſo, Sir; well, I'll conſider, and take Advice of my Friends.

Sir *Row.* Conſider, alas, Madam, my Houſe will be Beſieg'd by all the Widows in Town; I ſhall get more by ſhewing him, than the *Rhinoceros*. Gad, I'll ſell the young Rogue by Inch of Candle, before he's Debauch't and Spoil'd in this lew'd Town.

La. *Youth.* Well, ſuppoſe----

Sir *Rowl.* Nothing under *Tereſia*---- Gad, I think ſome old Dog-Star Reigns to Day, that ſo many old Heats are burning in their Sockets----

I'm

I'm in Love with this young Tittymouſe here, moſt damnably--- Well what ſay you Widow? Speak now, or you know the Proverb.

L. *Youth.* Well, Sir *Rowland* you are too hard for me.

Exeunt all but *Tereſia.*

Enter Olivia, *Runs to her and Embraces her.*

Tere. 'Tis as you ſaid, *Olivia*, I am deſtin'd to your Father.

Oliv. What, the Sentence is paſt then?

Tere. Ay, but the Devil is in us, if we ſtay till Execution Day: Why this is worſe than being mew'd up at *Hackney-School*---My Fortune's my own, without my Grandmother, and with that Stock, I'll ſet up for my ſelf, and ſee what Traffick this wide World affords a young beginner.

Oliv. That's well reſolv'd; I am of the ſame mind, rather than Marry Mr. *Wellborn*, whom I never ſaw.--- But prethee let's ſee what we have in Stock, beſides Ready Mony---What Toys and Knick-nacks to invite.

Tere. Faith my Inventory is but ſmall--- Let me ſee---Firſt, one Pretty well made Machin, call'd a Body, of a very good Motion, fit for ſeveral uſes----one Pretty Conceited Head-Peice, that will fit any bodies Coxcomb,---when 'tis Grave and Dull, will fit an Alderman, when Politick and buſy, a States-man; turn it to intreigue, will fit a City Wife, and to Invention, itwill ſet up an Evidence.

Oliv. Very well!

Tere. Item, one Tongue that will prattle Love, if you put the Heart in time (for they are Commodities I reſolve ſhall go together) I have Youth enough to Pleaſe a Lover, and Wit enough to pleaſe my ſelf.

Oliv. Moſt Excellent Trifles all! As for my out-ſide, I leave to the Diſcretion of the Chafferer; but I have a rare Deviſe, call'd an Invention, that can do many Feats; a Courage that wou'd ſtock a Coward; and a pretty Implyment, call'd a Heart, that will ſtrike Fire with any convenient force; I have Eight thouſand Pounds to let out on any able Security, but not a Groat, unleſs I like the Man.

Tere. Thus Furniſh'd, we ſhall ruin all the Jews, and undo the *Indian* Houſes — but where ſhall we ſhow? Where meet with the Love Merchants?

Oliv. What think you of the Gallery at the Play in Masks?

Tere. Shu, a ſtate Trick, firſt taken up by Women of Quality, and now run into Ridicule, by all the little Common Devils of the Town, and is only a Trap for a Termer, a ſmall new rais'd Officer, or a City Cully, where they Baul out their Eighteen Pence in Bawdy, and Filthy Non-ſenſe, to the Diſturbance of the whole Houſe, and the King's Peace, the Men of Quality have forſaken it.

Oliv. What think you of the Mall?

Tere.

Tere. As too Publick to end an Intreague; our Affairs require a Conqueſt as ſuddain as that of *Cæſar*, who came, ſaw and overcame.

Oliv. 'Tis true, beſides there's ſo many Cruiſers, we ſhall never Board a Prize. What think you of the Church?

Tere. An Hippocritical ſhift, of all masks I hate that of Religion; and it ſhou'd be the laſt place I'de wiſh to meet a Lover in, unleſs to Marry him.

Oliv. And Faith that's the laſt thing a Lover ſhou'd do, but we are compell'd to haſt, 'tis our laſt Refuge if we cou'd but ſee; and like our men, the buſineſs were ſoon diſpatcht.---Let me ſee---Faith e'n put on Breeches too, and thus diſguis'd, ſeek our Fortune--- I am within theſe three days to be fetch'd from *Hackney* School, where my Father believes me ſtill to be, and thou in that time to be Marry'd to the old Gentleman; Faith reſolve--and let's in and Dreſs thee--- away, here's my Lady--- (*they run out*)

SCENE II.

Enter Mirtilla *and Mrs.* Manage.

Mirt. Ah, let me have that Song again.

Song.

By Mr. *Gildon.*

I.

NO, Delia, no! What man can range
From ſuch Seraphic Pleaſure
'Tis want of Charms that make us change,
To graſp the Fury Treaſure.
What man of ſenſe wou'd quit a certain Bliſs,
For hopes and empty Poſſibilities!

II.

Vain Fools their ſure Poſſeſſions ſpend,
In hopes of Chymic Treaſure,
But for their fancy'd Riches find
Both want of Gold and Pleaſure.
Rich in my Delia, I can wiſh no more;
The Wand'rer, like the Chymiſt, muſt be poor.

Man-

Man. Not see him, Madam--- I protest he's Handsomer, and Handsomer, *Paris* has giv'n him such an Air: --- Lord, he's all over Monsieur---Not see him, Madam, --- Why? I hope you do not, like the Foolish sort of Wives, design a strict Obedience to your Husband.

Mir. Away, a Husband! -- when absence, that sure Remedy of Love, had heal'd the Bleeding Wound *Lejere* had made, by Heaven I thought I ne're shou'd Love again---but since---*Endimion* has Inspir'd my Soul, and for that Youth I burn, I pine, I languish.

Enter George *richly dress't, stands at a distance gazing on* Mirtilla.

Man. See, Madam---there's an Object may put out that Flame, and may revive the Old one---

Mir. Shame, and confusion, --- *Lejere. (turns and walks away.*

Geo. Yonder she is, That Mien and Shape I know, tho the False Face be turn'd with shame away. *(Offers to Advance, and Stops.*

---S'death, ---I tremble!
Yet came well fortified with Pride and Anger! I see thou'st in thy Eyes a little Modesty. *(goes to her nearer.)*
That wou'd conceal the Treasons of thy Heart.

Mir. Perhaps it is their scorn that you mistake.

Geo. It may be so, she that sets up for Jilting, shou'd go on, 'Twere mean to find remorse, so young, and soon; Oh, this gay Town has Gloriously improv'd you amongst the rest; that taught you Perjury.

Mir. Alas! When was it Sworn?---

Geo. In the Blest Age of Love.
When every Pow'r look't down, and heard thy Vows.

Mir. I was a Lover then, shou'd Heav'n concern its self with Lover's Perjuries, 'twou'd find no leisure to preserve the Universe.

Geo. And was the Woman so strong in thee, thou could'st not wait a little? Were you so raving mad for Fool and Husband, you must take up with the next ready Coxcomb? Death, and the Devil, a dull Clumsey Boar!--- What was it charm'd you? The Beastly Quantity of Man about him.

Mir. Faith a much better thing, five thousand Pounds a Year, his Coach and Six, it shews well in the *Park.*

Geo. Did I want Coach, or Equipage, and shew?

Mir. But stil there wanted Fool, and Fortune to't; He does not Play at the Groom Porters for it; Nor do the Drudgery of some worn out Lady.

Geo. If I did this, thou had'st the spoils of all my Nation's Conquests; while all the whole World was wond'ring whence it came, for Heav'n had left thee Nothing but thy Beauty, that dear Reward of my Indust'rious Love.

Mir. I do confess---

Geor. Till time had made me Certain of a Fortune, which now was hasting on.---

And is that ſtore of Love and wond'rous Joys I had been hoarding up ſo many tender Hours, all laviſh't on a Brute, who never Luſted 'bove my Ladie's Woman; for Love he underſtands no more than ſenſe.

Mir. Prethee Reproach me on--- (*ſighs.*)

Geo. 'S Death, I cou'd rave! Is this ſoft tender Boſom to be preſt by ſuch a Load of Fool? Damnation on thee--- Where got'ſt thou this Courſe Appetite? Take back the Powers, thoſe Charms ſhe's ſworn Adorn'd me, ſince a dull, Fat-Fac'd, noiſy, Taudry Block-head, can ſerve her turn as well. (*Offers to go.*)

Mir. You ſhall not go away with that Opinion of me.---

Geo. Oh, that falſe Tongue can now no more deceive--- Art thou not Marry'd? Tell me that falſe Charmer.

Mir. Yes.--- (*holding him.*)

Geo. Curſe on that word; wou'd thou had'ſt never learnt it--- it gave thy Heart, and my Repoſe away.

Mir. Doſt think I Marry'd with that dull deſign? Canſt thou believe I gave my Heart away, becauſe I gave my Hand?--- Fond Ceremony that--- A neceſſary trick, devis'd by wary Age, to Traffic 'twixt a Portion, and a Jointure; him whom I Lov'd is Marry'd to my Soul.

Geo. Art thou then mine? And wilt thou make Attonement, by ſuch a Charming way?-- Come to my Claſping Arms.

Enter Lady Blunder *at the Door. Sees 'em, and offers to go out again.*

L. *Blun.* Oh, Heavens! How rude am I?--- Cry Mercy, Madam, I proteſt I thought you'd been alone.

Geo. 'S Death! my Aunt *Blunder!* (*aſide.*)

Mir. Only this Gentleman, Madam.---

L. *Blun.* Sir, I beg your Pardon--- and am really ſorry---

Geo. That you find me with your Daughter, Madam.

L. *Blun.* I hope you take me to be better Breed, Sir: Nor had I interrupted you, but for an Accident that has happen'd to Sir *Morgan*, coming out of the City in a Beaſtly Hackney, he was turn'd over in *Cheap-ſide*, and Striking the filthy Coach-man, the naſty Mobb came out, and had almoſt Kill'd him, but for a young Gentleman, a ſtranger, that came to his Reſcue, and whom he has Brought to Kiſs your Ladyſhip's Hands---- But I'll Inſtruct him in his Duty, he ſhall wait till your Ladyſhip is more at Leiſure--- alas! He's already on the Stairs. (*Exit.*)

Mir. Let him wait there--- *Lejere*, 'Tis neceſſary you dapart, ſure of my Heart, you cannot fear the reſt; the Night is haſt'ing on; Truſt me but ſome few Hours, and then *Lejere* I'll pay you back with int'reſt.

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But will your Lady Mother make no Diſcovery of my being here.

Mir. She'd ſooner Pump for me, and believe it a part of good Breeding --- away, I hear 'em coming.

(*She puts him out at a back-door.*)

Enter

Enter Lady Blunder *Peeping.*

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Enter Sir Morgan, *Pulling in the Prince, Sir* Merlin, *and a* Page *to the* Prince.

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Sir *Merl.* Sure he's in Love, and Lov's a deviliſh thing.

Sir *Morg.* Sa, ho, ho, ho, where are you Sir, where are you?

Prince. In Heav'n! (*Puts him away.*)

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Sir *Morl.* A plaguy dull fellow this, that can ſleep in ſo good Company as we are.

Sir *Morg.* Dream--- A Fiddle-ſtick; to her, man, to her, and Kiſs her ſoundly, or ſo, d' ye ſee.

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Prince. Thy Wife!---

Mir. He will betray his Paſſion to theſe Fools: Alas, he's mad--- and will undo my Hopes. (*aſide.*)

Prince. Thou may'ſt as well claim Kindred to the Gods; ſhe's mine, a Kingdom ſhall not buy her from me.

Sir *Morg.* Hay day, my Wife yours! lookee, as d'ye ſee, what is it *Mid-ſummer-moon* with you, Sir, or ſo, d'ye ſee?

Mir. In pitty give him way, he's madder than a Storm.

Prin. Thou know'ſt thou art, and thy dear Eyes confeſs it--- a numerous Train attended our Nuptials, Witneſs the Prieſt, witneſs the Sacred Altar where we kneel'd--when the bleſt ſilent Ceremony was perform'd

Mir. Alas! he's mad, paſt all recovery mad.

Sir *Merl.* Mad, ſay, poor Soul--Friend, how long has your Maſter been thus Intoxicated?

Page. He's mad indeed to make this Diſcovery. (*aſide*) Alas, Sir, he's thus as often as he ſees a Beautiful Lady, ſince he loſt a Miſtreſs, who Dy'd in *Flanders* to whom he was Contracted.

Sir *Merl.* Good lack---ay, ay, he's diſtracted, it ſeems.

Page. See how he Kneels to her, ſtand off, and do but mind him.

Mir. Riſe, Sir,--you'l ruin me--diſſemble if you Love---or you can ne'er be happy. (*in a low Voice, and Raiſing him.*)

Prin. My Tranſport is too high for a diſguiſe---give me ſome hope, promiſe me ſome Relief, or at your Feet I'll pierce a Wounded Heart.

Mir. Riſe, and hope for all you wiſh: Alas, he Faints--

(*She takes him up, he falls upon her Boſom.*)

Page. Hold him faſt, Madam, between your Arms, and he'll recover preſently. Stand all away.---

Prince. Oh! tell me, wilt thou bleſs my Youth and Love? Oh! Swear, leſt thou ſhould'ſt break---for Women won'd be Gods, but for inconſtancy.

Page. See, he begins to come to himſelf again--- keep off---

Mir. You have a thouſand Charms that may ſecure you--- The Ceremony of my Nuptials is e'ry ev'ning Celebrated, the noiſe of which, draws all the Town together, be here in *Maſquerade*, and I'll contrive it ſo, that you ſhall ſpeak with me this Night alone.

Prince. So, now let my Soul take Air---

L. *Blun.* What pitty 'tis ſo fine a Gentleman ſhou'd be thus.

Mir. You muſt be bringing home your Fops to me, and ſee what comes of it. (*As ſhe paſſes out.*)

Sir *Morg.* Fops, I thought him no more a Fop, than I do my own Natural Couſen here (*Exit* Mir. *in ſcorn.*)

Prin. Where am I? (*The Page has Whiſper'd him.*

Sir *Mer.* Why, here, Sir, here, at Sir M. *Blun.* Lodging in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*

Prince. That's well, he has told me---Where have I been this long half hour, and more?

Sir *Mer.* Nay, the Lord Knows?

Prin. I fancy'd I ſaw a lovely Woman.

Sir

Sir Merl. Fancy'd--- why ſo you did man, my *Lady Mirtilla Blunder.*

Prince. methought, I ſlept upon her ſnowy Boſom, and dream't I was in Heav'n, where I claim'd her.

Sir *Merl.* Good lack aday---why, ſo you did, Sir, ha, ha, ha.

Prince. And rav'd on Love; and talk'd abundance of Non-ſence.

Sir *Morg.* Ha, ha, ha, by my Troth, and ſo you did, Sir.

Prince. I ask your Pardon, Sir, 'tis an infirmity I have that ever takes me at the Approach of a Fine Woman, which made me ſo unwilling to ſee your Lady.

Sir *Morg.* Lookee, I ask your Pardon heartily, or ſo, d' ye ſee-- and am ſorry you are not in a Condition to Viſit her often.

Prince. I ſhall be better when-I'm us'd to her; 'tis the firſt time only affects me.

Sir *Morg.* Pray, Sir, be Pleas'd to uſe your ſelf to her, or ſo, d' ye ſee--- ſhe's a civil perſon, and a Perſon of Quality before I marry'd her, d' ye ſee.

L. *Blun.* My Son tells you Truth, Sir.

Prince. Madam, I doubt it not, pray beg her Pardon, and do you give me yours. (*Bows and Kiſſes her hand, and goes out.*

L. *Blun.* A moſt Accompliſht Perſon--- (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE. III.

Enter Olivia *and* Tereſia, *in Men's Cloaths.*

Oliv. WEll, the Ball do's not begin theſe three Hours, and we'll divert our ſelves at my Aunt's *Baſſett-Table*, which you ſee is Preparing, her Natural Propenſity to oblige both Sexes makes her keep a Bank on purpoſe to bring 'em together. There we ſhall ſee the Old and the Young, the Ugly, and the Handſome, Fools that have Mony, and Wits that have none; and if the Table afford us nothing to pleaſe the Appetite, we'll abroad for Forage.

Enter Sir Merlin *pulling in* George, *follow'd by Sir* Morgan, *Page and Footmen to* George.

Sir *Merl.* Nay, Sir, I am reſolv'd you ſhall Honour my Aunt's *Baſſet-Table*---

Geo. My Aunt's *Baſſet-Table*; There may be mony Stirring among theſe Fools, and Fortune may befriend me. (*aſide.*)

Sir *Merl.* Sir *Morgan*, Pray know this worthy Gentleman, I have the Honour to lodge in the Houſe with him. (*They ſalute one another, Sir* Mer. *together.*

Sir, This is Sir *Morgan Blunder*, a Perſon of Quality in *Wales*, I aſſure you.

Geo.

Geo. I queſtion it not, Sir, and am proud of the Honour of Kiſſing your Hands.

Tere. Yonder's a handſom Gentleman.

Oliv. My Brother *George*, as I live, 'tis as I cou'd wiſh. (*aſide.*)

Enter Welborn.

Welb. Lejere.

Geo. Welborn! Welcome from *Paris*, I heard of your Arrival from Prince *Fredrick.*

Welb. Yes, I am come to my Deſtruction, Friend.

Geo. Ay, thour't to be Marry'd, I hear to a *Welch* Fortune.

Welb. Tho Matrimony be a ſufficient Curſe, yet that's not the worſt---I am fall'n moſt damnably in Love, ſince I arriv'd, with a young Creature I ſaw in the *Mall* t'other Night, of Quality ſhe was, I dare ſwear, by all that was about her, but ſuch a Shape! a Face! a Wit! a Mind, as in a moment quite ſubdu'd my Heart; ſhe had another Lady with her, whom (dogging her Coach) I found to be a Neighbour of mine, and Grand-Daughter to the Lady *Youthly*, but who my Conqueror was I never ſince could learn.

Oliv. 'Slife, *Tereſia*, yonder's the Handſome Fellow that entertain'd us with ſo much Wit, on *Thurſday* laſt in the *Mall.*

Tere. What, when you Chang'd your Breeches for Petticoats at my Lodgings.

Oliv. That Night, and ever ſince, I have felt a ſort of a Tendre for him.

Tere. As I do for his Friend---Pray Heav'n he be not Marry'd! I fear he has lay'd an Imbargo on my Heart, before it puts out of the Port.

Geo. Are you not for the *Baſſet*?

Welb. No, I've buſineſs at the Ball to Night, beſides my Lady *Blunder* has a Quarrel to me for laſt Night's Debauch; I'll wait on you in the Morning. *Exit. Welborn.*

Geo. Well, you to your Buſineſs, and I to mine.---

(*Speaks as the reſt go out.*)

Let the Dull Trading Fool by Buſineſs Live,
Stateſmen by Plots, the Courtier cringe to thrive;
The Fop of Noiſe and Wealth be Cullied on,
And purchaſe no one Joy by being undone,
Whilſt I by Nobler careleſs ways advance,
Since Love and Fortune are acquired by Chance.

Exeunt Omnes.

The End of the Second Act.

SONG

A SONG

Sung by Sir *Rowland* in the Second Act.

To *TERESIA.*

THO the young prize Cupid's *Fire*
'Tis more val'd by the Old;
The Sun's warmth we now admire,
More than when the Season's cold.

Dialogue in the Masque, at the beginning of the third Act.

He TIme and Place you see conspire,
With tender Wishes fierce desire;
See the willing Victim stands
To be offer'd by your hands:
Ah! Let me on Lov's Altars lying,
Clasp my Goddess whilst I'm dying.

She. Oh Lord! what hard words, and strange things d'ye say;
Your Eyes to seem closing, and just dying away:
Ah! Pray what d'ye want? Explain but your mind,
Which did I but know, perhaps I'de be kind.

He. My pretty soft maid, full of innocent Charms,
I languish to sigh out my Soul in thy Arms;
Oh! then, if I'm lov'd, deny not the Bliss,
But tell me I'm happy, with a ravishing Kiss.

She

She. Oh! Fie, Sir, I vow I cannot endure you;
Be civil, or else I'll cry out I assure you;
I will not be Kiss'd so, nor tumbl'd, not I,
I'll tell all your tricks, that I will, if I dye.

He. Nay, never dissemble, nor smother that Fire;
Your Blushes, and Eyes betray your desire.
The pratic'd not Innocent, dally with bliss,
Then prethee be kind, and tast what it is.

She. Let me dye now, you'r grown a strange sort of a man
To force a young Maid, let her do what she can;
I fear now I blush to think what we're doing,
And is this the End of all you Men's wooing?

He. ~~At this pleasure all~~ Aim, ~~both Godly and Sinners,~~
And none of 'em blush for't but poor young beginners.
In pleasure both Sexes, all Ages agree,
And those that take most, most happy will be.

Chorus. In pleasure both Sexes, *&c.*

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE the First.

Enter Olivia *as a Man,* Tereſia *in Maſquerade; the Scene opens, and diſcovers* *Lady* Youthly, *Lady* Blunder, Mirtilla, Manage, *Prince* Frederick *in a Rich Habit,* Welborn *in one like his, with a Cloak over him, ſtands aſide, and ſeveral others of both Sexes.*

Oliv. OH, my dear *Tereſia,* I'm loſt in Love! I've ſeen a Man,—— or rather 'tis Angel! ſo gay, ſo ſoft, ſo charming, and ſo witty; ſo dreſs'd! ſo ſhap'd! and Danc'd with ſuch an Air!

Tere. Hey day! Prithee where's this Wonder to be ſeen?

Oliv. Why doſt thou ask? Haſt thou not ſeen a man of Dreſs, and Movement of uncommon Faſhion?

Tere. A great many, very odd, and Fantaſtick, I'm ſure my dear Man is none of 'em. [*Sighs.*

Oliv. Thy Heart when fir'd burns eaſily, and ſoft, but I am all impatient, darts, and flames, all the effects of Love are panting in my Heart, yet never ſaw his Face; but ſee, he comes, and I muſt find a way to let him know the miſchiefs he has done.

Mir. Endimion, where's Sir *Morgan?*

Oliv. At his uſual Diverſion, Madam, Drinking.

Mir. Do you wait near me to Night, I may perhaps have kinder buſineſs for you e'er the morning.

Oliv. You heap too many Bleſſings on me, Madam.

Prince. Oh, turn thy lovely Eyes upon thy Slave, that waits and watches for a tender look.

Mir. Oh, Sir, why do you preſs a yielding heart too much, undone by what you've ſaid already.

Oliv. Thoſe ſoft Addreſſes muſt be thoſe of Love. [*Aſide.*

Mir. My Honour was in danger when I promis'd — and yet I bluſh to tell you I was pleas'd, and bleſt the dear neceſſity that forc'd me.

Oliv. Ha! 'tis the man I love —— and Courts *Mirtilla,* and ſhe receives him with inviting looks. 'Sdeath, ſhe's a common Lover! already I'm arriv'd to Jealouſie!

Enter George *in Maſquerade, with a Paper on his Back and Breaſt, goes to* Mirtilla, *ſees one Courting her.*

Geo. What gilded thing is that? —— I muſt diſturb 'em——
'Tis I, *Mirtilla,* languiſhing for the appointed Happineſs, while you, perhaps, are taken up with different thoughts——

Mir. aſide. Lejere! How very feeble do Old Lovers Charm! Only the New and gay have pow'r to warm —— How ſhall I put him off? For now my Ambitious Love declares for *Frederick*; 'tis great to enſlave a Prince.

—— Lejere —— wait till I give the word —— perhaps it may be late —— go mix your ſelf i'th' Crowd, you may be elſe ſuſpected —— [*Goes from him.*

Tere. I have a ſhrewd gueſs that this ſhou'd be my man by his ſhape, and mein. (*Looking round about* George.) Let me ſee —— What's this written on his back? —— To be Lett Ready Furniſh'd —— (*Reading it.*) A very good hearing, So ho, ho, ho, who's within here? [*Claps him on the back.*

Geo. Who's there? [*Exit* Olivia.

Tere. Love and Fortune.

Geo. Two very good Friends of mine, prithee who art thou that bring'ſt 'em?

Tere. A wandring Nymph, that has had a ſwinging Character of your Perſon and Parts —— if thou be'ſt the man, prithee dear Stranger, let me ſee thy Face, and if I'm not miſtaken, 'tis ten to one, but we may go near to ſtrike up ſome odd Bargain or other.

Geo. And I am as likely a Fellow, for ſome odd Bargain or other, as ever you met with —— Look ye, am I the man?

Tere. Let me ſee —— A very handſome Face, inclining to round, fine wanton Eyes, with a Plaguy Roguiſh Lear, plump, round, red Lips, not tall, nor low, and extreamly well faſhion'd. (*Reads all this in her Tablets.*) —— Ay, ay, you are the man ——

Geo. I am glad on't, and prithee dear Creature, let me ſee if thou art not the Woman ——

Tere. Heav'n! what Woman, Sir?

Geo. Why, any Woman that's Pretty, Witty, Young, and Good-natur'd.

Tere. I had rather ſhew any thing almoſt than my Face.

Geo. Faith, and that's kind; but every thing in its due time: I love to arrive at Happineſs by degrees, there's as much Pleaſure in the Journey of Love, as in the Arrival to't, and the firſt Stage is a handſom Face.

Tere. Where you Bait a while, take a ſhort Survey, and away.

Geo. To wit, and good Humour; where a man finds Pleaſure enough to engage him a long while.

Tere. Then to all the ſmall Villages, call'd little Freedoms, Kiſſing, Playing, Fooling, Sighing, Dying —— and ſo on to the laſt Stage, where Whip and Spur laid by, all tir'd and dull, you lazily lye down and ſleep.

Geo. No, I'm a more vigorous Lover: And ſince in the Country of True Love, there remains a *Terra Incognita*, I ſhall always be making new Diſcoveries.

Tere. True Love! Is there ſuch a thing in the whole Map of Nature?

Geo. Yes, I once diſcover'd it in my Voyage round the World.

Tere. Sure 'tis ſome Enchanted place, and vaniſhes as ſoon as 'tis approach'd.

Enter Sir Rowland.

Geo. Faith, let's ſet out for it, and try; if we loſe our Labour, we ſhall, like Searchers for the Philoſophers Stone, find ſomething that will recompence our pains. ——

[*Lady* Youthly *ſees her, and ſends her Woman to take her from him.*

Ha, gone —— I muſt not part ſo with you —— I'll have you in my Eye.

[*The* Spaniſh *Dance: Whilſt they Dance, the Prince talks to* Mirtilla.

Mirt.

Mir. This Night gives you an Aſſignation— I tremble at the thought— Ah, why will you purſue me thus to Ruine? Why with reſiſtleſs Charms invade my Heart, that cannot ſtand their Force— alone— without my Woman —— the Enterprize with you wou'd be too dangerous.

Prince. Dangerous to be ador'd! and at your Feet behold your Slave making Eternal Vows?

Mir. If I were ſure that you wou'd paſs no further.——

Prince. Let the fond God of Love be my Security— will you not truſt a Deity?

Mir. Whom ſhould ſhe truſt, that dares not truſt her ſelf?

Geo. That is ſome Lover, whom I muſt obſerve. [*Aſide.*

Mir. Alas, the Foe's within that will betray me, Ambition, and our Sexes Vanity —— Sir, you muſt prevail——

Prince. And in return, for ever take my Soul.

Mir. Anon I'll feign an illneſs, and retire to my Apartment, whither this Faithful Friend ſhall bring you, Sir. [*Pointing to* Manage.

Geo. Hum!—— that looks like ſome Love Bargain, and *Manage* call'd to Witneſs. By Heav'n, gay Sir, I'll watch you.

Tere. But heark ye, my Fellow-Adventurer, are you not marry'd?

Geo. Marry'd —— that's a Bug word —— prithee if thou haſt any ſuch Deſign, keep on thy Mask, leſt I be tempted to Wickedneſs.

Tere. Nay, truth is, 'tis a thouſand pity's to ſpoil a handſom man, to make a dull Husband of: I have known an Old Batter'd Bully of Seventy, unmarry'd, more agreeable for a Gallant, than any ſcurvy, out-of-Humour'd Huſband at Eight and Twenty.

Geo. Gad, a thouſand times.

Tere. Know, I have Five Hundred Pounds a Year.

Geo. Good.

Tere. And the Devil and all of Expectations from an Old Woman.

Geo. Very good.

Tere. And this Youth, and little Beauty to lay out in love. [*Pulls off her Mask.*

Geo. *Tereſia!* the lovely Maid deſign'd for my Mother, now, what a Dog am I? that gives me the greater Guſt to her, and wou'd fain Cuckold my Father. [*Talks to her aſide.*

[Mirtilla *ſeems to faint.*]

Man. My Lady faints —— help, help.

Mir. Only the heat Oppreſſes me— but let it not diſturb the Company, I'll take the Air a little, and return. [*Goes out with* Manage.

Geo. Is this deſign'd, or real— perhaps ſhe is retir'd for me— Mrs. *Manage*—

[Manage *Re-enters, he pulls her by the ſleeve.*

Man. Ha! Monſieur *Lejere!* what ſhall I feign to put him off withal. [*Aſide.*

Geo. Why doſt thou ſtart? How do's my dear *Mirtilla?*

Man. Repoſing, Sir, a while, but anon I'll wait on her for your admittance.

[*Prince* Frederick *puts on* Welborn's *Cloak, goes out, and* Welborn *enters into the Company dreſs'd like the Prince.*

Geo. Ha, ſhe ſpoke in paſſing by that gay thing —— What means it, but I'll trace the Myſtery.

Sir Row. The young People are Lazy, and here's nothing but gaping and peeping in one anothers Vizards; come, Madam, let you and I shame 'em into Action. (*Sir* Rowland, *and Lady* Youthly, *Dance.*)

After the Dance, enter Olivia *with a Letter.*

Olivia *gives* Welborn *the Letter.*

Well. Ha! what's this, Sir, a Challenge?

Oliv. A Soft One, Sir.

Well. A Billet —— whoe'er the Lady be. (*Reads.*) She merits something for but believing I am worth her Mirth.

Oliv. I know not, Sir, how great a Jest you may make of it; but I assure you the Lady is in earnest, and if you be at leisure to hear Reason from her.——

Well. Fair and softly, my Dear Love Messenger, I am for no hasty Bargains; not but I shou'd be glad to hear Reason from any of the Sex —— But I have been so damnably Jilted —— Is she of Quality?

Oliv. Yes.

Well. Then I'll not hear any thing from her; they are troublesome, and insolent; and if she have a Husband, to hide her Intriegues she has recourse to all the little Arts and Cunnings of her Sex; and she that jilts her Husband, will her Lover.

Oliv. She is not troubled with a Husband, Sir.

Well. What, she's parted from the Fool; then she's Expensive, and for want of Alimony, jilts all the believing Block-heads that she meets with.

Oliv. But this is a Maid, Sir.

Well. Worse still! At every turn she's raving on her Honour; then if she have a Kinsman, or a Brother, I must be Challeng'd.

Oliv. Sir, you mistake, my Lady is for Matrimony.

Well. How!

Oliv. You have not forsworn it, I hope.

Well. Not so —— but ——

Oliv. If a Lady, Young and Handsom, and Ten Thousand Pounds ——

Well. Nay, I am not positive ——

Enter Sir Morgan, *and* Sir Merlin, *Drunk, Singing.*

Sir Morg. and *Sir Merl.* Singing. { *Wise Coxcombs be damn'd, here's a Health to the Man,* / *That since Life is but short, lives as long as he can.*

Sir Morg. Where is my Lady *Mirtilla*, Rogues?

Sir Merl. And my Mistress, Rascals? For we are resolv'd to shew our selves in Triumph to our Wives and Mistresses.

L. You. Your Mistress, *Sir Merlin?* mistake not your Mark.

Sir Merl. Ha! Art thou there, old Cathedral? Why thou look'st as magnificently as Old Queen *Bess* in the *Westminster*-Cupboard.

Sir Morg. Lookee as de see, when *Adam* wore a Beard, she was in her Prime, or so, de see. (*Sings.*)

L. You. Sir, you are a saucy *Jack*, and your Father shall correct you.

Sir Merl. My Father! my Father's an old Toft, de see; and I hope to see him hang'd:

Sir

Sir Row. Here's a Heathen-Chriſtian! ſee his Father hang'd!

Sir Merl. Ay hang'd, and all the old Fathers in *Chriſtendom.* Why, what-a-Pox ſhou'd Fathers trouble the World for? When I come to Reign in Parliament, I will enact it Felony, for any Father to have ſo little Grace to live, that has a Son at Years of Diſcretion.

Sir Row. A damn'd Rogue, I'll diſinherit him immediately.

L. Blun. Is it ſo great a Crime, Brother, for a Gentleman to be Drunk?

Sir Merl. You Lye like a Son of a Whore——— I have been drinking Confuſion to all the Fathers and Husbands in *England.*

Sir Morg. How, Sir, Confuſion to Husbands! Lookee de ſee, Sir, ſwallow me that Word, or I'll make you depoſite all the conjugal Wine you have drunk.

Sir Merl. I depoſite all your Wine! Sirrah, you're a Blunderbuſs.

Sir Morg. Sirrah! you are a diminitive Bully.

Sir Merl. Sirrah! you're the Whore of *Babylon*, and I deſie you.

Sir Morg. Lookee de ſee, I ſcorn to draw upon a drunken Man, or ſo, I being ſober; but I boldly challenge you into the Cellar, where thou ſhalt drink till thou renounce thy Character, or talk Treaſon enough to hang thee, and that's fair and civil.

Sir Merl. Agreed; and when I'm drunk enough to raviſh, I'll Cuckold my old Dad, and fight him for his Miſtreſs.

Sir Row. I have no Patience; I'll kill the Dog, becauſe I'll have the Law on my ſide——— Come on, Sir. (*Draws, the Ladies run out.*)

(Sir Merlin *draws*) George *runs in and parts 'em.*

Geo. Villain! Raſcal! What, draw upon thy Father!

Sir Row. Pray, Sir, who are you? that I may thank you for my Life.

Geo. One, Sir, whoſe Duty 'twas. (*Pulls off his Viſard.*)

Sir Row. What, my dear *George!*——— I'll go and cut off the Intail of my Eſtate preſently, and thou ſhalt have it all, Boy, thou ſhalt———

[*Exeunt all but* George.

Geo. Fortune is ſtill my Friend! Had but *Mirtilla* been ſo! I wonder that ſhe ſends not to me! My Love's impatient, and I cannot wait—— while the dull Sot is boozing with his Brother-Fools in the Cellar. I'll ſoftly to the Chamber of my Love—— Perhaps ſhe waits me there——— [*Exit.*

SCENE the Second.

A Chamber, and Alcove, diſcovers Mirtilla, *and Prince* Frederick.

Prince. Oh! I am raviſh'd with exceſs of Joy.

Mir. Enough, my charming Prince! Oh, you have ſaid enough!

Prince. Never, my *Mirtilla!*

The Sun that views the World, nor the bright Moon, that favours Lovers Stealths, ſhall ever ſee that Hour. Vaſt, as thy Beauties, are my young Deſires; and every new Poſſeſſion kindles new Flames, ſoft as thy Eyes, ſoft as thy tender Touches, and, e'er the Pantings of my Heart are laid, new Tranſports, from new Wiſhes, dance about it, and ſtill remains in Love's Harmonious Order. (*Kiſſes and Embraces her.*)

Enter

Enter George, *ſoftly.*

Geo. This Houſe I know, and this ſhould be her Bed-Chamber, becauſe the Beſt; and yet methought I heard another Voice—— but I may be miſtaken.

Prince. I faint with Pleaſure of each tender Claſp: I ſigh, and languiſh, gazing on thy Eyes; and dye upon thy Lips, with every Kiſs!

Geo. Surely I know that Voice! Torments, and Hell!——— but 'tis impoſſible? (*Aſide.*)

Prince. Oh! ſatisfie my Doubt, my trembling Doubt! Am I belov'd? Have I about me ought engaging to Thee, Charmer of my Soul?

Geo. It is the Prince. (*Aſide.*)

Mir. Ah, Prince! Can you ſuch needleſs Queſtions ask, after the Sacrifice which I have made.

Geo. Hell take thee for that Falſhood. (*Draws.*)

Mir. Think not the mighty Preſent of your Jewels, enough to purchaſe Provinces, has bought one ſingle Sigh, or Wiſh: No, my dear Prince, you owe 'em all to Love, and your own Charms.

Geo. Oh damn'd, diſſembling Jilt! (*Aſide.*)

Prince. No more, no more, my Soul's oppreſt with Joy: let me unload it in thy tender Arms, and ſigh it out into thy raviſhing Boſom.

Geo. Death, and Damnation! ——

I ſhall forget his Quality, and Virtue, forget he was my Friend, or ſav'd this Life; and like a River, ſwell'd with angry Tydes, o'erflow thoſe Banks that made the Stream ſo gay.

Mir. Who's there?——— I heard a Voice—— *Manage*?

Geo. Yes. (*Softly.*)

Prince. Approach thou Confident of all my Joys; approach, and be Rewarded——— (*Prince takes his Jewel from his Hat.*)

Geo. Yes, for my excellent Bawding——— By Heav'n I dare not touch his Princely Perſon.

Prince. Where art thou? take this Jewel, and retire. (*Gropes for his Hand, gives it him.*)

Geo. Ev'n my Misfortunes have a ſort of Luck; but I'll withdraw, for fear this Devil about me, ſhou'd raiſe my too raſh Hand againſt his Life. [*Exit.*

Prince. Come, my eternal Pleaſure——— each Moment of the happy Lover's Hour, is worth an Age of dull, and common Life. [*Exeunt into the Alcove, the Scene ſhuts.*

SCENE the Third.

A Garden, by Night Still.

Enter George *with his Sword in his Hand, as before.*

Geo. Why do I vainly call for Vengeance down, and have it in my Hand?——— By Heav'n, I'll back—— Whether? To kill a Woman, a young perjur'd Woman!——— Oh, ye falſe Fair Ones! ſhou'd we do you Juſtice

ſtice, A univerſal Ruin wou'd enſue; Not One wou'd live to ſtock the World anew. Who is't among ye All, ye Fair Deceivers, ye Charming Miſchiefs to the Noble Race, can ſwear ſhe's Innocent, without Damnation? No, no, go on — be falſe — be fickle ſtill: You act but Nature — but my faithleſs Friend — where I repoſe the Secrets of my Soul — except this one — Alas! he knew not this: — Why do I blame him then?

Enter Olivia, *dreſs'd as before.*

Oliv. Fire! Fire! Fire!

Geo. *Olivia*'s Voice! — Ha! what art thou? Thy Voice ſhou'd be *Olivia*'s, but thy Shape — And yet a Woman is all o'er Diſguiſe.

Enter Lady Blunder *in her Night-Gown.*

L. Blun. Fire! Fire! Fire! My Son, my dear Sir *Morgan.*

Enter Sir Rowland, *and Servants.*

Sir Row. A Pox on your Son, and mine to boot; they have ſet all the Sack-Butts a Flaming in the Cellar, thence the Miſchief began. *Timothy*, *Roger*, *Jeffrey*, my Money-Trunks, ye Rogues! my Money-Trunks!

L. Blun. My Son, good *Roger*! my own *Sir Moggy*!

Sir Row. The Ten thouſand Pounds, ye Raſcal, in the Iron Trunk, that was to be paid Mr. *Welborn* for *Olivia*'s Portion. [*Exit.*

L. Blun. Oh my Son! my Son! — Run to the Parſon, *Sam*, and let him ſend the Church-Buckets. Oh, ſome help! ſome help!

Enter Manage.

Man. Oh, Heavens! my Lady *Mirtilla*'s Chamber's all on Flame.

Enter Britton.

Geo. Ha, — the Prince! I had forgot his Danger.

Man. Ah! look up, and ſee how it burns!

Geo. *Britton*, a Million for a Ladder!

Man. Bleſſing on you, Sir, if you dare venture through the Houſe, there lies one in the Fore Garden.

Brit. The Paſſage is on fire, Sir, you cannot go.

Geo. Revenge is vaniſh'd, and Love takes its place: Soft Love, and mightier Friendſhip ſeizes all. I'll ſave him, tho' I periſh in the Attempt. [*Runs out*, Britton *after him.*

Enter, at another Door, Sir Rowland.

L. Blun. A Thouſand Pound for him that ſaves Sir *Morgan.*

Sir Row. And, de ye hear, let my Rogue lie; I'd rather he ſhould be burnt, than hang'd on *Tyburn* Road, for murthering his Father. — But where's Boy *George*?

Enter Men with Trunks.

Rog. Safe, Sir, I hope; he was not in the Houſe.

Sir Row. So, ſo, away with theſe Trunks to my Lady *Youthly*'s in *Southampton-Square*, and tell her we muſt trouble her to Night. Come, Siſter, let's away. [*Exeunt Lady* Blunder, *and Sir* Rowland.

Prince

Prince Frederick, *and* Mirtilla, *appear at the Window, the Flame behind 'em.*

Prince. Help, help, and ſave *Mirtilla!* Ask any Price, my Life, my Fortune! All!

Mir. Oh, Heav'ns! the Flame purſues us as we fly.

Prince. No help! Oh Gods, I ſhall prevent the Flame, and periſh by my Fears to ſee you dye!

Mir. Alas! Sir, you with eaſe may ſave your Life! This Window you may leap, but I want Courage.

Prince. No, my *Mirtilla*, if it be thy Fate, I'll graſp thee, ev'n in Flames, and dye with thee.

Mir. We dye! we dye! the Flame takes hold of us!

Enter George *with a Ladder, and puts it to the Window.*

Prince. Ha! ſome pitying God takes Care of us. Haſt, haſt, my Charmer; Heav'n has ſent us Aid. (*Puts her on the Ladder, ſhe deſcends into* George's *Arms; after her, the Prince.* George *puts her into* Manage's *Arms, ſhe faints; he runs up to receive the Prince.*

Prince. Lejere! dear Man of Luck —— Some happy Star reign'd at thy glorious Birth; every thing is proſperous thou eſpouſeſt. —— How fares my Love, the Treaſure of my Soul?

Man. Only fainting with the Fright, but ſhe recovers.

Prince. My Chair there, quickly, that waits for me. —— (*Enter Chair; he puts her, and* Manage *into it.*)

Enter Olivia.

Carry 'em to Mr. *Welborn*'s, to my Lodgings there, and then return to me; for I am wondrous faint, and cannot walk.

Oliv. Ha! by my Life, my Man!

Prince. But if I might impoſe ſo much Lejere upon thy Friendſhip, I beg thou wouldſt ſee her ſafely carry'd to my Lodgings at *Welborn*'s.

Geo. You ſhall Command me, Sir. [*Exeunt Chair,* George, *and* Britton.

Oliv. You ſeem not well, Sir; pray repoſe upon my Arm a while.

Prince. I thank you, Sir, indeed I am not well.

Oliv. Methinks I find a Pleaſure but in touching him —— Wou'd I cou'd ſee his Face by all this fatal Light.

Enter Conſtable and Watch.

Conſt. So, ſo, the Fire abates, the Engines play'd rarely; and we have Ten Guinea's here, Neighbours, to watch about the Houſe; for where there's Fire, there's Rogues —— Hum, who have we here? —— How now, Mr. —— Hum, what have you got under your Arm there, ha? Take away this Box of Jewels.

(*Sir* Morgan, *and Sir* Merlin, *creeping out of the Cellar Window.*)

Ha, who have we here creeping out of the Cellar-Window? more Rogues!

Sir Mer. Sirrah! you're a Bawd, Sirrah! and for a Teſter will wink at the Vices of the Nation, Sirrah! Call Men of the beſt Quality, Rogues!

that

that have ſtood for Knights of the Shire, and made the Mobile drunk Sirrah!

Conſt. We cry you Mercy, Sir, we did not know your Worſhips.

Sir Morg. Lookee de ſee, here's a Crown for you; carry us to the next Tavern, and we'll make thee, and all thy Mirmidons, as drunk as a Boat in a Storm.

Oliv. Sir, I find you have Intereſt with theſe Arbitrary Tyrants of the Pariſh; Pray will you bail me, and this Gentleman?

Sir Merl. What, *Endimion!* my Lady *Mirtilla*'s Page? He lent me Money to Night at the *Baſſet-Table*; I'll be bound Hand and Foot for him, Mr. *Conſtable*, and gad we'll all to the Tavern, and drink up the Sun, Boys.

Oliv. Yonder Gentleman too has receiv'd ſome Hurt by the Fire, and muſt go Home, Sir; but you muſt reſtore him the Box, Mr. Conſtable.

Sir Morg. Ay, ay, lookee de ſee, return the Gentleman all; they're Gentlemen, and our intimate Friends, de ſee. [*Exeunt* Prince, *and* Olivia.

Enter a Servant.

Conſt. Stand: Who goes there?

Sir Morg. Philip —— Lookee de ſee, he ſhall along with us to the Tavern.

Serv. Sir *Morgan*, I came to ſeek you: Your Lady Mother ſent me back on purpoſe; ſhe has ſpoil'd her Beauty with crying for you.

Sir Morg. And waſh'd off all her Paint?—— Or ſo de ſee! Gad ſa' me, *Philip*, this is ill Luck. Come let us go drink down Sorrow.

Serv. Being ſent of ſuch an Errand, as your Safety, Sir, I dare not ſtay and drink now, before I've ſatisfy'd your Mother.

Sir Mer. Not drink! I charge you, in the King's Name, Mr. *Conſtable*, bring him along. (*The Conſtable and Watch ſeize him.*)

(Sings.)

Wiſe Coxcombs be damn'd, here's a Health to the Man,
That ſince Life is but ſhort, lives as long as he can.

ACT IV.

SCENE the Firſt. The Prince's Lodgings.

Enter Page with Lights. [Sets 'em on the Table, *Exit.*
Enter Mirtilla *led by Mrs.* Manage.

Mir. HA! where am I, *Manage*?

Man. Heav'n be thank'd, Madam, at the Prince's Lodgings.

Mir. What happy Star conducted us, and ſav'd us from the Fury of the Flames?

Man. Thoſe whoſe Influence are always Gracious to your Ladyſhip.

Mir. But where's the Prince? Where's my Illuſtrious Lover?

Man. Waiting the Return of the Chair, Madam.

Mir. But my *Endimion!*——— Is *Endimion* ſafe?

Man. Madam, he is: I ſaw him in the Garden.

Mir. Then periſh all the reſt ——— Go ſend to ſearch him out, and let him inſtantly be brought to me.——— Ha—— *Lejere!*

Enter George.

Geo. Bawd ſtand aſide—and do your Office yonder—[*Puts away* Manage. Why are you frighted, Madam, becauſe I'm not the Lover you expected?

Mir. What Lover! be witneſs Heaven ———

Geo. That thou art falſe, falſe as the inſatiate Seas, that ſmiling tempt the vain Adventurer, whom flattering, far from any ſaving there, ſwell their falſe Waves to a deſtructive Storm.

Mir. Why all this mighty Rage? ——— Becauſe I diſappointed you to Night?

Geo. No, by Heaven, I dully cou'd have waited for the Hour; have hop'd, and wiſh'd, and languiſh'd out an Age. But, oh *Mirtilla!* Oh thou perjur'd Fair!——— But vaniſh all the ſoftneſs of my Soul, I will be ſatyrial.

A Plague, a Torment, to your fickle Sex,
Thoſe ſmiling, ſighing, weeping Hypocrites.

Mir. And can you think my Flight is Criminal? becauſe I ſav'd this worthleſs Life——— for you———

Geo. What Innocence adorns her Tongue, and Eyes! While Hell and Furies gives her Heart its motion, you know not where you are?

Mir. Perhaps I do not.

Geo. Swear, for thou'rt damn'd already, and by what black Degrees I will unfold: When firſt I ſaw this gay, this glorious Miſchief, tho' Nobly born, 'twas hid in mean Obſcurity; the ſhining Viper lay half dead with Poverty, I took it up, and laid it next my Heart, fed it, and call'd its faded Beauties back.

Mir. Confeſs'd: And what of this?

Geo. Confirm'd you mine, by all the Obligations Profuſeneſs cou'd invent, or Love inſpire.

Mir. And yet at your Return you found me marry'd to another.

Geo. Death and Hell! that was not yet the worſt: You flatter'd me with ſome Pretence of Penitence; but on the Night, the dear deſtructive Night, you rais'd my Hopes to all diſtracting Love cou'd wiſh——— that very Night——— Oh let me rave and dye, and never think that Diſappointment o'er!

Mir. What, you ſaw me Courted at the Ball, perhaps?

Geo. Perhaps I ſaw it in your Chamber too. Breathleſs, and panting with new-acted Joys, the happy Lover lay——— Oh *Mirtilla!*

Mir. Nay, if he knows it, I'll deny't no more. [*Aſide.*

Geo.

Geo. There is no Honesty in all thy kind.

Mir. Or if there be, those that deal in't are weary of their Trade. But where's the mighty Crime?

Geo. No, I expect thou shou'dst out-face my Eyes, out-swear my Hearing, and out-lye my Senses——— The Prince! the Prince! thou faithless dear Destruction.

Mir. The Prince! good Heaven! Is all this Heat for him?

Geo. Thou own'st the Conquest then?

Mir. With as much Vanity as thou wouldst do, if thou hadst won his Sword: Hast thou took care wisely to teach me all the Arts of Life, and dost thou now upbraid my Industry? Look round the World, and thou shalt see, *Lejere*, Ambition still supplies the Place of Love. The worn-out Lady, that can serve your Interest, you swear has Beauties that out-charms Fifteen; and for the Vanity of Quality, you feign and languish, lye, protest, and flatter——— All Things in Nature Cheat, or else are Cheated.

Geo. Well said; take off thy Veil, and shew the Jilt.

Mir. You never knew a Woman thrive so well by real Love, as by Dissimulation: This has a Thousand Arts and Tricks to conquer; appears in any Shape, in any Humour; can laugh or weep, be coy or play, by turns, as suits the Lover best, while simple Love has only one Road of Sighs and Softness; these to *Lejere* are due: But all my Charms, and Arts of gay Dissembling, are for the credulous Prince.——— Ha—— he's here!—— and with him the dear Youth that has enslav'd me, who triumph's o'er the rest. [*Aside.*

Enter Prince Frederick, Olivia *following*, *sees* Mirtilla, *and withdraws.*

Oliv. Ha! *Mirtilla*, and my Brother here! Oh how I long to see that Stranger's Face. [*Aside.*

Prince. Mirtilla, thou Charmer of Life's dull and tedious Hours, how fares thy Heart? Dwells any Pantings there, but those that Love, and his dear Joys create.

Mir. Or if there do, you shou'd excuse it now.

Geo. How many Devils reign in beauteous Woman!

Prince. My dear *Lejere* congratulate my Joys; take all my Friendship thou——— but thou my Soul. Come, come, my Friend, let us retire together; I'll give thee leave to gaze upon my Heaven, and feed on all the Sweets that Friendship may: But all the rest of the vast Store is mine.

Man. Madam *Endimion* is already here. [*Aside to her.*

Mir. Thou hast reviv'd me—— Let him wait my Call.

[*Exit* Prince, *and* Mirtilla; George *goes out, and peeps at the Door*

Olivia *comes forward.*

Oliv. Spight! Spight, and dire Revenge, seize my fond Soul!——— Oh that I were a Man, a loose lewd Man, how easily wou'd I rob him of her Heart, and leave him but the shadow of Enjoyment.

Re-enter George.

Geo. Now, my dear Sister, if thou ever lovedst me, revenge thy Brother on this perjur'd Woman, and snatch her from this gallant Rival's Arms. She loves thee —— Dissemble thou to love again; meet her Advances with an equal Ardour, and when thou hast wound her up to dalliance, I'll bring the Prince a witness of her Shame.

Oliv. But what if he shou'd kill me ——

Geo. I'll take care of that.

Oliv. Then e'er the morning dawns, you shall behold it: She languishes to see me, and I wait on purpose for her Commands.

Geo. As I cou'd wish: Be sure to Act the Lover well. [*Exit* George.

Oliv. As well as I can Act it.

Enter Welborn, *habited as last.*

That all Mankind are Damn'd, I'm positive; at least all Lovers are.

Wel. What have we here? the Spark that rally'd me about a Woman at the Ball to Night? Who is it, Sir, you Curse so heartily?

Oliv. Ha, how Beautiful he is— how many Charms dwell in that lovely Face—— (*Aside.*) 'Tis you I curse.

Wel. Gad, I thank you for that, you were kinder to Night, when you told me of a fine Woman that was in Love with me.

Oliv. Why, what have you to do with Woman-kind?

Wel. A pretty civil Question; has the Lady that sent you, a mind to be Inform'd?

Oliv. Or if she had, you're not at leisure now you are taken up, Sir, with another Beauty. Did not you swear, never to speak to Woman-kind, till I had brought her, I told you, sigh'd for you?

Wel. Right, and I have kept my word Religiously.

Oliv. The Devil you have, witness the Joy *Mirtilla* gave your Soul: Even now you were all Transport, all Extasie of Love; by Heaven you had forgot you brought me in, and past Triumphant in *Mirtilla's* Arms, Love in your Heart, and Pleasure in your Eyes.

Wel. Ay, sure he mistakes me for the Amorous Prince, and thus, perhaps, has mistook me all the Night: I must not undeceive him. [*Aside.*

What e're you saw, I have a heart unwounded, a heart that never found'y loved, a little scratch it got the other day by a Young Beauty in the *Mall*, her Name I know not, but I wish'd to know it, and dogg'd her Coach, I sigh'd a little after her, but since ne'er saw the lovely Vision.

Oliv. Sure this was I. (*Aside.*) What Livery had she, Sir?

Wel. That I took notice of, 'twas Green and Gold —— Since that, I trifle now and then with Love, to chase away this Image, and that's all.

Oliv. Ha, now I view him well, 'tis the same handsome Fellow that Entertain'd us in the *Mall* last Thursday.

Wel. Come, Sir, 'tis late, please you to take a Bed with me to Night, where we'll beget a better Understanding.

Oliv. A better than you imagine —— 'Sdeath, to Bed with him, I tremble at the thought —— Sir, I do not love a Bedfellow.

Wel.

Wel. Sir, I have lent my Lodgings to a Stranger of Quality, or I wou'd offer you a ſingle Bed — but for once you may diſpenſe with a Bedfellow.

Oliv. I will not put you to that trouble, Sir.

Wel. Do you deſign to make me your Friend, and uſe me with Ceremony? Who waits there? [*Enter Footman.*

Oliv. 'Slife, what ſhall I do? I cou'd even conſent, to prevent his going to *Mirtilla* — beſides, I have no home to go to——

Wel. Come, no more Scruples—— here—— a Night-Gown and a Cap for the Gentleman.

Oliv. What ſhall I do—— I have a little urgent Buſineſs, Sir.

Wel. If there be abſolute neceſſity, I'll ſee you to your Lodgings.

Oliv. Oh, by no means, Sir. 'Sdeath, whither can I go?

Wel. Why do you pauſe? Deal freely with me, Sir, I hope you do not take me for a Lover of my own Sex —— Come, come, to Bed.

Oliv. Go you, Sir, I'll ſit and Read by you till Day.

Wel. 'Sdeath, Sir, de think my Bed's Infectious?

Oliv. I ſhall betray my Sex in my denyal, and that at laſt I can but do if Neceſſity compel me to't. [*Aſide.*

Go on, Sir, you have ſham'd me. [*Exit both.*

Enter Prince and George.

Prince. And thus thou haſt my whole Adventure out, ſhort was the Conqueſt, but the Joys are laſting.

Geo. I am glad on't, Sir.

Prince. Why do'ſt wear a Cloud upon thy brows, when Love's gay Sunſhine dances in my Eyes? If thou'rt her Lover too, I pity thee; her Solemn Vows breath'd in the height of love, diſarm me thy hopes, if Friendſhip wou'd permit thee.

Geo. I do not think it, Sir——

Prince. Not think it, not think that ſhe has ſworn!

Geo. Yes, doubtleſs, Sir — ſhe's Prodigal of Vows, and I dare ſwear, by all ſhe's ſworn by, ſhe'll break 'em all: She has leſs Faith than all the fickle Sex, uncertain and more wanton than the Winds, that ſpares no Births of Nature in their wild courſe, from the tall Cedar, to the Flowers beneath, but Ruffles, Raviſhes, and Ruines all.

Prince. I ſpeak of my *Mirtilla.*

Geo. Why, ſo do I—— of yours, of mine, or any man's *Mirtilla.*

Prince. Away, ſhe that with force of Love can ſigh and weep—

Geo. This very ſhe, has all the while diſſembled! Such Love ſhe deals to every gawdy Coxcomb, how will ſhe practice then upon a Hero?

Prince. Away, it cannot be.

Geo. By all your Friendſhip to me, Sir, 'tis truth.

Prince. Wrecks and Tortures,— let her have made of me a meer Example, by whom the couzen'd World might have grown wiſe: No matter, then I had been pleas'd, tho' Cullyed — Why haſt thou ruined my Repoſe with Truths that carry more Damnation than a Lye? But Oh — thou art my Friend, and I forgive thee.

Geo.

Geo. Sir, I have done, and humbly ask your Pardon. [*Offers to go.*

Prince. Stay, ſtay, *Lejere*, — if ſhe be falſe, thou'rt all the World has left me; and I believe —— but canſt thou prove this to me?

Geo. Perhaps I may before the Morning's dawn.

Prince. Ha, prove it here — here, in this very Houſe!

Geo. Ay, here, Sir

Prince. What, in my Lodgings will ſhe receive her Spark —— by Heaven, were he the Darling Son of a Monarch, an Empire's Hope, and Joy of all the Fair, he ſhou'd not live to rifle me of Peace, —— Come, ſhew me this deſtin'd Victim to my Rage.

Geo. No, my Revenge is only Comical —— If you wou'd ſee how Woman can diſſemble, come on, and follow me.

Prince. What, diſturb her Reſt! Didſt thou not ſee her fainting with the Fatigues this Night had given her, and begg'd me I wou'd leave her to Repoſe?

Geo. Yes, and wonder'd at her Art; and when you begg'd to watch by her Bed-ſide, with what dear Promiſes ſhe put you off; while every word fell feebly from her Tongue, as if't had been her laſt, ſo very ſick ſhe was —— till you were gone —— heark — a Door opens —— I will obſcure the Lights. [*Puts away the Lights.*

Enter Olivia. *They retire a little.*

Oliv. Was ever Maid ſo near to being undone? Oh, Heavens! in Bed with the dear Man I love, ready to be betray'd by every ſigh. [George *peeps.*

Geo. 'Tis *Olivia.* [*Enter* Manage *groping.*

Man. I left him here — what, by dark? *Endimion*, young, handſom Sir, where are you? [*Calls* Olivia.

Geo. Do you hear that, Sir?

Man. Oh, are you here? — [*Runs againſt* Olivia.

Oliv. 'Slife, 'tis *Manage* —— how ſhall I eſcape —— [*Aſide.*

Man. Come, Sir, my Lady *Mirtilla* has diſmiſt her troubleſom Lovers, for your more agreeable Company.

Geo. De hear that, Sir?

Man. Come ſoftly on, Sir, and follow me.

Oliv. I'm all Obedience ——
She cannot Raviſh me, and that's a Comfort. [*Aſide, going out.*

Prince. Oh, *Lejere* — can this be poſſible? Can there be ſuch a Woman?

Geo. Follow him, Sir, and ſee —

Prince. See what! —— Be witneſs of her Infamy! Hell! Hell, and all the Fires of Luſt poſſeſs her, when ſhe's ſo old and lewd, all Mankind ſhun her, —— I'll be a Coward in my own dire Revenge, and uſe no manly Mercy. —— But oh, I faint, I faint with Rage and Love, which like two meeting Tydes, ſwell into Storms. —— Bear me a minute to my Couch within.

Geo. What have I done, now I repent my Raſhneſs.

Scene

Scene draws off, discovers Mirtilla *at her Toylet, dress't. Enter* Manage, *leading* Olivia *in as* Endymion, *who falls at* Mirtilla's *feet, whilst she's there, sings a Song; she takes him up.*

Mir. Rise,—— When Lovers are alone they pardon Ceremony——— I sent for you to end the Night with me; say—— how shall we imploy it?

Oliv. I'll sigh, and gaze upon your lovely Face.

Mir. Nothing but sigh, and gaze; we shall grow dull.

Oliv. I'll tell you Tales of Love, and sing you Songs.

Mir. Thy Voice, 'tis true, can charm a thousand ways; but Lovers time their Joys, these for the Day, those for the lovely Night. And when they would be silently in love, have Musick of soft Sighs and gentler Whispers.

Oliv. Oh, Love inspires all this—— What shall I do? [*Aside.*

Mir. Nay, think not because I sent for you alone, while Night and Silence favour Lovers Stealths, to take advantage of my yielding Heart.

Oliv. I wou'd to Heaven she were in earnest now.

A Noise. Enter Manage.

Man. Oh, hide your Favourite, Madam—— do you hear.

Mir. A jealous Lover only, comes in such a Storm——Dear, to my Heart, whose safety is my Life. Submit to be conceal'd—— but where—— Oh heavens, he comes——'Tis for you I fear—— [*They search for a place.*

Man. He comes———

Mir. Here, let my Train secure you——— Till now I never found the right Use of long Trains and Farthingals.

[*She kneels,* Man. *puts her Train over* Olivia.

Enter Prince, *and* George, *at the Door.*

Geo. 'Sdeath, you have made these Pauses and Alarms to give her time to Jilt you.

Prince. Pray heaven she do———. I'd not be undeceiv'd for all the Sun surveys. [*Enters.*

Mir. My Lord the Prince! now you are kind indeed, [*Goes and embraces him.*

———hah! what means this Unconcern?

Prince. I thought I'd left you sick, extreamly sick.

Mir. And are you griev'd to find my Health return?

Prince. No, wondrous glad of it. You're mighty Gay, *Mirtilla*, much in Glory.

Mir. Can he who lays his Fortune at my Feet, think me too glorious for his Arms and Eyes?

Geo. Fifty to one, the Gypsy jilts him yet. [*Aside.*

Prince. Pray heaven she lyes but handsomly——— [*Aside.*

———for mine *Mirtilla.* Ha—ha——

Mir. Am I not yours? You cannot doubt my Vows.

Geo. She'll do't, and make me love her anew for her rare dexterity at dissembling.

Prince. I left you wearied, going to your Bed, but find you at your Toylet gayly dress't, as if some Conquest you design'd e'er morning.

Mir.

Mir. Manage, Sir, from the Fire, ſecur'd theſe Trifles: and I was trying ſeveral Dreſſes on; that this ſlight Beauty that you ſay has charm'd you, might, when you ſaw it next, compleat the Conqueſt.

Geo. And that thou wilt, if Flattery can do't.

Prince. Now, were ſhe guilty, as I am ſure ſhe is not, this ſoftneſs would undo me, and appeaſe me.

Mir. You ſeem as if you doubted what I ſay. [*This while,* Oliv. *gets off unſeen.* By all the Powers——

Prince. Hold, I ſcorn to need an Oath to fix my Faith: Oh! thou art all Divine and canſt not err. [*Embraces her.* Curs'd be the Tongue that dares profane thy Vertue, and curs'd the liſtning Fool that dares believe it.

Geo. What a poor, wretched, baffled thing is Man, by feebler Woman aw'd and made a Coxcomb!

Mir. Durſt any one traduce my Vertue, Sir? and is it poſſible that you could hear it——— Then periſh all the Beauties you have flatter'd. [*Tears her Head-things.*

Prince. Come to my Arms, thou Charmer of my Soul! and if one ſpark of Jealouſie remain, one of thoſe precious Tears ſhall quench the Crime——— Oh, come and let me lead thee to thy Bed, and breathe new Vows into thy panting Boſom. [*Leads her off, ſhe looks back on* Geo *and ſmiles.*

Geo. Now all the Plagues of injur'd Lovers wreck thee; 'Sdeath, where has ſhe hid *Olivia*? or how am I deceiv'd?———'Tis Day, and with it new Invention riſe to damn this Woman to the ſin of Shame: Break all the Chains that hold the Princely Youth, and ſink her with her fancy'd Pow'r and Vanity. [*Exit.*

Scene changes to Lady Youthly's. *Enter Sir* Rowland *half dreſt, Lady* Blunder *in an Undreſs, Lady* Youthly *in her morning-dreſs,* Tereſia *and Mr.* Twang.

Sir Row. Morrow my Lady *Youthly*, and thank you for my Nights Lodging——You are as early up as if it had been your Wedding-day.

L. You. Truly, Sir *Rowland*, that I intend.

Sir Row. But where's the Bridegroom, Madam?

Enter Roger.

how now, *Roger*, what, no news yet of *George*?

Rog. Alas! none Sir, none, till the Rubbiſh be removed.

Sir Row. Rubbiſh——What——what is *George* become the Rubbiſh of the World then? [*Weeps.*

Twang. Why, Man is but duſt, as a man may ſay, Sir.

L. Blun. But are you ſure, *Roger*, my Jewel, my Sir *Moggy* eſcap'd.

Rog. The Watch drew him out of the Cellar-window, Madam.

L. You. How Mr. *Twang*, the Young Gentleman burnt——— Oh——— [*falls in a Chair.*

Tere. Alas! my Grandmother faints with your ill News——Good Sir *Rowland* comfort her, and dry your Eyes.

Sir Row.

Sir Row. Burnt, Madam! No, no, only the Houſe fell on him, or ſo——
[*Feigns Chearfulneſs, and ſpeaks to Lady* Youthly.

La. You. How! the Houſe fell on him—— Oh!

Sir Row. Ah, Madam, that's all; why, the young Rogue has a Back like an Elephant—— 'twill bear a Caſtle, Madam.

La. You. Alas, good Man: What a Mercy 'tis, Mr. *Twang*, to have a Back like an Elephant!

La. Blun. Of what wonderful Uſe it is upon Occaſion——

Sir Row. Ay—but—but I ſhall never ſee him more, Back nor Breaſt. [*Weeps.*

Twang. Good Sir, diſcomfort not my Lady— Conſider man's a flower—

Sir Row. Ay, but *George* was ſuch a Flower! He was, Mr. *Twang*, he was the very Pink of Prentices. Ah! what a rare Rampant Lord Mayor he wou'd have made? And what a Swinging Sheriff—— [*Cries.*

Tere. What, cry, ſo near your Wedding-day, Sir *Rowland*?

Sir Row. Well, if he be gone—— Peace be with him; and 'Ifaks, Sweetheart, we'll Marry, and beget new Sons and Daughters—— but—— but—— I ſhall ne'er beget another *George*. [*Cries.*

Tere. This is but a ſcurvy Tune for your Hymenical Song, Sir.

Sir Row. Alas! Mrs. *Tereſia*, my Inſtrument is untun'd, and good for nothing now but to be hung upon the Willows.

Cry within. Murder, Murder, Murder. [*Enter Footman.*
Sir Merlin *his Sword drawn, and Sir* Morgan.

Sir Row. What's here, my Rogue?

Twang. What's the matter, Gentlemen, that ye enter the Houſe in this Hoſtile manner?

Sir Morg. What, Mr. *Twang*, de ſee!

Sir Mer. Ay, ay—— ſtand by Divinity—— and know, that we, the Pillars of the Nation, are come, de ſee—— to Raviſh.

La. Blun. Oh, my dear Sir *Morgan*. [*Embraces him.*

Sir Morg. I do not intend to Raviſh, like a *Jew*, in my own Tribe—

La. You. What ſay they, Mr. *Twang*, Raviſh? Oh, ſave my Honour—— lead me to my Bed-Chamber, where if they dare venture to come, they come upon their Peril. [Twang *leads her out. Sir* Morgan *goes to* Tereſia.

Sir Mer. Old Fellow, do'ſt hear? Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy*, deliver me my *Creſida*, de ſee, peaceably, or I am reſolved to bear her off *Vi & Armis*.

La. Blun. Sweet Nephew, retire, we are juſt upon making your Peace.

Sir Mer. Ha— Old Queen *Gwiniver*, without her Ruff on?——
[*Sir* Merlin *takes hold of her to bear her off; ſhe cries out: Sir* Rowland *draws upon him. As they are going to Fight, Enter* George.

Geo. Is there a man in Nature's Race ſo vile, dares liſt a guilty Hand againſt his Father?

Sir Mer. Father me no Fathers; I fight for *Tereſia*, my Lawfully begotten Spouſe.

Geo. That I once call'd you Brother, ſaves your Life; therefore reſign your Sword here at his Reverend Feet.

Sir Mer. Sirrah; you lye, Sirrah——

Geo. There, drag away this Brute. [*Diſarms him. To the Footman.*

Sir Mer. Rogues, Dogs, bring Mrs. *Tereſia* along with you.

Tere. Sure this is my fine Fellow — and yet the very ſame that's to be marry'd to my Grandmother; nor can that City Habit hide the Gentleman.

[George *ſpeaks this while with his Father, who embraces him.*

Sir Morg. Burnt, ſay you, Mrs. *Tereſia* de ſee — my Lady *Mirtilla* burnt! Nay then, 'tis time to go ſleep, get ſober, and Marry again. [*Goes out.*

Sir Row. Enough, my Boy, enough; thou deſerv'ſt my whole Eſtate, and thou ſhalt have it, Boy — This day thou ſhalt Marry the Widow, and I her Grand-child. I'll to my Lawyers, and ſettle all upon thee inſtantly —

[*Goes out.*

Geo. How! Marry to day — Old Gentleman, you muſt be couzen'd, and Faith, that goes againſt my Conſcience — Ha, the Fair, the Young *Tereſia* there — When a man's bent upon Wickedneſs, the Devil never wants an Opportunity to preſent him with, that ſhe ſhou'd be in my way now — Fair Creature, are you reſolv'd to be my Mother-in-law?

Tere. As ſure as you to be my Grandfather, Sir — And ſee — the News of your being come, has rais'd my Grandmother.

Enter Lettice *and Lady* Youthly.

Geo. A Pox upon her, her Ghoſt had been leſs frightful.

Tere. I cou'd have ſpar'd her now too; but ſee ſhe advances as ſwift as Time.

Geo. And as old: What ſhall I do? I dye to ſpeak with you —

La. You. Where — where's this Young Welcome Gentleman — Oh, are you here, Sir — [*She ſees him not, but runs upon him.*

Lettice, take *Tereſia*, and get you to your Chamber, ſhe has her Trinkets to get ready againſt the Wedding anon, for we'll make but one work of both.

Tere. Ay, 'twill ſave Charges, Madam —

La. You. Ay, ay, get you gone, Lovers ſometimes wou'd be private.

Geo. Heark ye — leave me not to her mercy, by Love, if you do, I'll follow you to your Chamber.

Tere. Leave you! no, hang me if I do, till I have told you a piece of my mind, for I find there's no dallying.

La. You. Well, Sir, I have finiſh'd the Great Work.

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La. You. What ſays he, *Tereſia*?

Tere. He ſays, he hopes you do not hate him, Madam.

La. You. No, by my Troth, Sir; I feel ſomething for you, I have not felt before.

Geo. Not theſe Threeſcore Years, I dare ſwear — You have too much Wit, *Tereſia*, to have been only pleas'd with the Embroider'd Coat, and Gawdy Plume, where ſtill the man's the ſame.

La. You. What ſays he, Embroider'd Coat and Plume?

Tere. He hopes your Ladyſhip likes him ne'er the worſe, for being without thoſe Fopperies.

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Geo. A bleſſed hearing —— You ſee, Charming Maid, how very ſhort a ſpace there is between this and the haſt'ning hour; ſtand not on Virgin Niceties, but anſwer me, our time admits of no Conſideration.

Tere. I have not been this Four and Twenty hours a Lover, to need Conſidering; as ſoon as you had my Heart, you had my Conſent, and that was the firſt moment I ſaw you at the *Baſſet-Table.*

Geo. Ha! at the *Baſſet-Table?*

Tere. Yes, I was the frank Youth that lent you Money— but no more— your Time and Place.

La. You. What are you prating to him there?

Tere. He doubts your Love, Madam, and I'm confirming it.

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La. You. Good-lack-a-day, indeed you're ſo obliging: But pray let us have the Dance. [*Dance.*

La. You. Very pretty indeed. Come, good Gentleman, don't droop, don't droop; come, hold up your Head —— you may be allowed one Kiſs beforehand.

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Geo. Mirtilla, thus thy Scorn I will out-brave,
And let my Father the kind Cheat forgive,

If I with dexterous Charitable care
Eaſe him of Burthens he wants ſtrength to bear. [*Exit.*

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ACT V.

SCENE the First.

Enter Welborn *dreſſing himſelf; to him, a Footman with a Letter.*

Wel. PRethee what became of the Spark that lay with me laſt night?

Foot. I know not, Sir, he roſe before day——— What Letter's this, Sir? It lay upon your Toylet. [*Gives* Welborn *a Letter.*

Wel. To the dear Man whoſe Name I would be glad to know———Hum'—— a Woman's Hand —— [*Reads.* [*Opens it.*

The Lady you ſaw laſt *Thurſday* in the *Mall*, you had in Bed with you laſt Night. *Adieu.*

Oh! dull Divinity of Love! that by no Inſtinct, no ſympathizing Pains or Pleaſure, could inſtruct my Senſe, how near I was to Happineſs!

Enter George, *ſine.*

——*Lejere*, behold me here the moſt unlucky Fellow breathing. Thou know'ſt I told thee how I was in love with a young Woman in the *Mall*: And this very Night, I had this very Woman in my Arms.

Geo. Is this your ill Luck, Sir?

Wel. 'Sdeath, all the while I took her for a Man: But, finding me aſleep, ſhe ſoftly 'roſe; and, by a Light yet burning in my Chamber, ſhe writ this Billet, and left it on my Table. [*Gives it* George, *he reads it.*

Geo. By all that Good, *Olivia!* ——And were you very Honeſt, Sir?

Wel. To my eternal Shame, as chaſt as Ice.

Geo. What will you ſay now, *Charles*, if I bring this Woman to you again?

Wel. Canſt thou? Oh, let me kiſs thy Lips away.

Geo. For all her Frollick, *Charles*, ſhe's very honeſt, a Fortune, and of Quality——and were't not for *Olivia*, thou ſhouldſt marry her.

Wel. *Olivia* I ne'er ſaw, and now 'twill be too late.

Geo. Nay then, Sir, I muſt fight in her Defence.

Wel. You fight in her defence! Why, doſt thou love her? —By all that's Good, I will reſign her to thee.

Geo. You ſhall not, Sir; and know ſhe is my Siſter.

Wel. *Olivia* thy Siſter!———

Geo. Ask no more Queſtions, but defend your ſelf, if you refuſe to marry her; for her Honour's mine.

Wel. Were ſhe an Angel, I muſt love this Woman.

Geo. Then thou ſhalt have her——— Haſt, and get a Licence——— no more—— truſt my Friendſhip——— Go. [*Exit* Welborn.

Enter Olivia.

Olivia, where did you lie laſt Night? ——Nay do not bluſh, for you may yet be Vertuous.

Oliv.

Oliv. Virtuous! Not the young Roſes in the bud ſecur'd, nor breaking Morn, ungaz'd at by the Sun; nor falling Snow, has more of Purity.

Geo. I do believe you; but your dangerous Frolicks will make the World talk ſhamefully.

Oliv. Let him talk on, I will not humour Fools.

Geo. No more — here's *Manage*——— Contrive an Aſſignation with *Mirtilla*; but do not hide again where none may find you. This done, I'll tell you more, and make you happy. How now, *Manage*, is the Prince ſtirring?

Man. He's in his dreſſing Room, Sir,—— This from my Lady, Sir.

[*Slides the Letter into* Olivia's *hand as ſhe paſſes out.*

Geo. What have you there, *Olivia*? [*Takes the Billet.*

Oliv. An Aſſignation from your perjur'd Miſtriſs, Sir.

Geo. 'Tis well——You muſt obey the Summons. And wind her up to all the height of Love; then let her looſe to Shame. I'll bring her Lover in the height of Dalliance, who, when he ſees her Perfidy, will hate her.

Oliv. And then the lovely Man ſtands fair for me. [*Aſide.*

Geo. Go write an Anſwer back—— and wait her hour. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE, the Second. The Dreſſing-Room. Diſcovers the Prince at his Toylet, dreſſing. Muſick and a Song. Enter Lejere; *waits till the Song is ended. The Prince ſees him, comes to him with Joy, and falls about his Neck.*

SONG, by Mr. *Gildon.*

AH, Charmion! *ſhroud thoſe killing Eyes,*
That dart th' Extreams of Pleaſure,
Elſe Celadon, *tho' favour'd, dies*
As well as him that you deſpiſe,
Tho' with this diff'rent meaſure:
While ling'ring Pains drag on his Fate,
Diſpatch is all th' Advantage of my State;
For, ah! you kill with Love, as well as Hate.

2.

Abate thy Luxury of Charms,
And only Part diſcover;
Your Tongue, as well as Eyes, had Arms
To give a Thouſand fatal Harms
To the poor liſtening Lover:
Thy Beams, Glory's Veil'd ſhou'd be,
And like the Front of Heav'n, unſeen, paſs by;
For to behold 'em, in full force, we dye.

Prince. Lydia, Oh! I faint, I dye with thy Beauty's Luxury! By heaven, I'm all Rapture, Love, and Joy: Such a dear Night, *Lejere!*——— Poets may fancy preſſing Goddeſſes, on downy Beds of Clouds——— But oh, *Lejere!*——— Thoſe Gods were never half ſo bleſt as I!

Geo. What pity 'twere to wake you from this Dream.

Prince. It is not in the Power of Time nor Age: For even then *Mirtilla* will have Charms! Oh, how ſhe ſpeaks! how well ſhe'll grace a Story!

Geo.

Geo. How gay her Wit! how movingly she writes!

Prince. I do believe she do's. [*A little seriously.*

Geo. Would it displease you, should you see a Billet from her?

Prince. That's as it were directed. [*Gravely.*

Geo. You would not credit what you saw last night.

Prince. Nor wou'd have lost that Night for all the Treasure the vast Ocean hides.

Geo. I wou'd not have a Man so good, and great, be made a Woman's Property—— There, Sir. [*Gives him the Billet.*

Prince. I'll not believe it her's; there are a thousand ways to ruin Innocence; if she be false—— she's damn'd. Confirm me, and of course I shall despise her. You cure me, when you shew her worth my Scorn.

Geo. Will you be rul'd then, and believe it Friendship in me?

Prince. I will.

Geo. Give her, by Absence, but an Opportunity; feign some Excuse to leave the Town to day.

Prince. See where she comes—— [*Enter* Mirtilla.
Adorn'd with all the beauteous Wonders of her Sex. The Gods of Love are playing in her Eyes, and give us Wounds from ev'ry graceful Motion? Ah, my *Mirtilla*! how shall I support the Absence of a many coming Hours, that languish, being from thee but a moment?

Mir. I hope, my Lord, Fate is not so unkind, to let me live without you many Hours.

Prince. Can all this be dissembl'd? [*Aside to* George.

Geo. How much more have I heard? yet all was false.

Prince. I must this Day—— this tedious live-long Day, be absent from thy sight—— but shall be back i'th' Evening: I'll leave *Lejere* to wait on your Commands.

Mir. *Lejere* shall ever, Sir, be dear to me——
But I'll retire, and sigh till your Return—— That World affords no Pleasure where you are not.

Prince. Do you hear that, Sir? [*Aside to* George.
Till Night, thou dearest Blessing of my Life—— Adieu.
[Mirtilla *going out, pulls* Lejere *by the Sleeve.*

Mir. Thou little, mischievous, informing Thing, how vainly hast thou lavish'd out Invention! [*Smiling. Exit.*

Prince. By Heaven, methinks 'twere Sin but to suspect her.

Geo. Think so; I'll trouble your Repose no more: I've done my Duty, and I wou'd not see you made a——

Prince. Property—— Ha—— A loath'd convenient Tool—— A Woman's Implement—— S'death! she that off—— Loose to the nasty Love of every Fool, that will be Flatter'd, Cozen'd, Jilted, Cuckolded—— No more—— I will, unseen, convey my self into the Closet in my Dressing-Room; 'tis near her Bed—— And if I find her Wanton.

Geo. If you find her—— The Youth is waiting now that shall convince you.

Prince. Where?—— Oh set the happy Slave but in my View, and——

Geo.

Geo. No faith, Sir, be convinc'd before you ſtrike, for fear ſhe jilt you out of Senſe and Reaſon——

Prince. Come to my Cloſet, from thence we may obſerve all that paſſes in her Chamber; from whence I'll break upon the perjur'd Fair, like Thunder from a Cloud, and more deſtructive. [*Exeunt.*

Scene diſcovers Mirtilla *and* Manage.

Mir. Is the Prince gone?

Man. Yes, Madam.

Mir. Then bring *Endimion* to me.

Man. Madam, I wiſh you'd think no more of him; for I foreſee, that this Amour muſt Ruine you. Remember you have left a Husband for the Prince.

Mir. A Husband, my Drudge, to toil for me, and ſave me the Expence of careful Thoughts: My Cloak, my Led-Horſe, for Neceſſity to fill my Train—— no more—— but *Endimion* waits. [*Exit* Manage.

——There is a native Generoſity in me, that checks my Inconſtancy to this great Man; yet I have ſo much Woman in my Soul, cannot pain my ſelf to do him Juſtice—— A new deſire of humouring my Wiſh, ſways all my Intereſt, and controuls all my Honour. Why ſhould I loſe a Pleaſure for a Promiſe, ſince Time, that gives our Youth ſo ſhort a Date, may well excuſe our needful Perjury. [*Enter* Manage, *and* Olivia, *ſhe runs and Embraces him.*

——Let the young baſhful Maid, unskill'd in Love, deny the preſſing Swain.
Let wither'd Age who fondly dreams of Virtue, loſe the dear Opportunities of Life.
The coming Hours preſent themſelves to us; and are too nice, not to be ſnatch'd when offer'd.

Oliv. So haſty this diſarms me of Excuſe. [*Aſide.*

Mir. Why are thy Eyes bent down? Why doſt thou pauſe?

Oliv. So hot!—— I muſt prepare to ſhew my Sex's Evidence, if nothing elſe will do. [*Unbuttons her Coat.*

Mir. What not a Word!
Advance thou baſhful Youth—— Love in thy Eyes, and Coward in thy Heart! The one all Fire, the other too much Ice.

[Prince, *and* George, *looking out.*

Prince. Yet ſtay me, my *Lejere*, from my haſty Vengeance.

Oliv. Ah, Madam, how are you miſtaken! 'Tis not Coldneſs in me—— but——

Mir. What? Baſhfulneſs!
Oh Love will lend thee Courage.
This Trembling is the ſoft Effects of it.

Oliv. Oh how vilely ſhe's miſtaken!

Mir. Come to my Bed, and preſs the Roſes down; and lend more ſweetneſs to 'em than they bring.

[*She leading him to her Bed. The* Prince *enters, with* Lejere, *holding his Sword in hand, he takes hold of* Olivia.

Prince.

Prince. Love—— thus I fling thy gaudy Fetters off, and am no more a Slave to faithless Beauty.

[*The* Prince *holding* Olivia *by the Bosom of her Coat, her Breast appears to* Mirtilla.

Mir. Ha! what do I see?—— Two Female rising Breasts. By Heav'n a Woman.—— Oh fortunate Mischance.

[*This while* George *is arguing with the* Prince, *not to hurt* Olivia.

Prince. No I will not hurt thee, cease thy trembling.

Mir. Oh, Sir, 'twere Sin to hurt the lovely Youth.

Prince. No, Madam, since I have taken back my Heart, I can present you with another Lover. [*Gives* Olivia *to her.*

Mir. Ha! another Lover!—— What means my Prince?

Prince. Eternally to leave you to your Frailty.

Mir. Can you so easily cancel all your Vows?
Then kill me at your Feet I do implore it. [*Kneels and Weeps.*

Prince. Away, I do forgive Thee, wretched Woman —— But yet be gone—— least Love and Rage return, and I should kill you yet with your young Darling.

Mir. Whom mean you, Sir, this lovely Maid?

Oliv. Maid!—— What means she? Sure she cannot know me.

Prince. Talk on, false Woman! till thou hast perswaded my Eyes and Ears out of their native Faculties, I scorn to credit other Evidences.

Mir. Try 'em once more, and then repent, and dye.

[*Opens* Olivia's *Bosom, shews her Breasts.*

Prince. Ha—— by Heav'n a Woman!

Mir. You that wou'd smile at my suppos'd undoing, present your self no more before my Eyes 'Twas to perplex you that I feign'd this Passion.
I saw you had your Spies to watch for Mischief, [*To* George.
And poison all my Happiness with the Prince.——
And since I'm thought so Criminal, I'll take an everlasting Leave of you
[*To the Prince.*
When I am dead, may she you honour next repay your Tenderness as I have done—— But may she never meet my wretched Fate.

[*She snatches* Olivia's *Sword out.*

Prince. Hold, thou most valu'd Treasure of the World, or turn the pointed Weapon to my heart.

Mir. No, I'm false; unworthy of your Love.

Geo. Yes, by Heav'n. But thou hast Jilted him so handsomly, thou'st vanquish'd all my Rage.

Mir. Yes, I am false; false to this Gallant Man. [*To* George.
False to my Husband, to my Sexes Fame; for you more Charming, I alas, am perjur'd.

Prince. Lejere! have I then injur'd thee?

Geo. This is the Fatal Beauty, Sir, for whom so often you have seen me languish.

Prince. Ah! woud'st thou see me on a Precipice, and not prevent my Danger?

Geo.

Geo. To mightier Friendſhip I cou'd all ſurrender, and ſilently have born her Perjuries; but thoſe to you, awaken'd all my Rage; but ſhe has out-trick'd me, and I beg her Pardon—— And to ſecure her yours, have lov'd anew, and beg Protection in your Lodgings, Sir, for a young Maid whom I deſign to marry.

Prince. Command my Life, my Fortune, and my Sword, for the unwilling Injury I have done thee—— And is this the charming perjur'd Fair, *Mirtilla?*

Geo. It is, Sir.

Prince. Since it is poſſible that you cou'd ceaſe to love this Gallant Man, whom I have heard with ſo much tender Paſſion tell your Loves, what ſacred Vows had paſt, and what Endearments, how can I hope from thee a laſting Faith?—— Yet on the Oaths that thou haſt ſworn to me—— by all thy Hopes of Pardon for thy Perjuries, to eaſe my panting Heart—— once ſpeak the Truth—— Didſt thou not take this Woman for a Man?

Mir. I did—— and were ſhe ſo, I wou'd with Pride own all the Vows I've broke.

Prince. Why this is fair—— and tho' I buy this Knowledge at the vaſt Price of all my Repoſe; yet I muſt own, 'tis a better Bargain then chaff'ring of a Heart for feign'd Embraces—— Thou haſt undone me—— yet muſt have my Friendſhip; and 'twill be ſtill ſome Eaſe in this Extream, to ſee thee yet repent, and love *Lejere.*

Mir. No, Sir, this Beauty muſt be firſt declining, to make me take up with a former Lover.

Geo. No, Sir, I have diſpos'd my Heart another way; and the firſt knowledge of her Falſhood cur'd me: Her Marriage I forgave—— that thing of form—— But never cou'd her Fondneſs to this Youth.

Prince. Who's this Lady, Sir, whoſe Pardon I muſt beg?

Geo. My Siſter, Sir, who I diſguis'd on purpoſe to be a Guard to this ſuſpected Fair One.

Enter Welborn.

Wel. Ha! ſhe's there!
Now every Feature points me out my Conquereſs.—— Nay ſtart not——
I have found Thee, thou malicious Charmer, to bring me ſo near to Bliſs, and not afford me one kind hint.

Oliv. And are not you a very dull Fellow, that lov'd and long'd, and had the Maid ſo near you, and yet needed a Hint.

Wel. Nay, if you conceal'd your precious Talent, how ſhou'd it profit any Body?

Oliv. Conceal'd it?—— No, Faith, I made a very fair Tender; but you refus'd it, as not being Currant Coin.

Wel. But if you moſt feloniouſly, and unlawfully deface our Sovereign's Image, ſo as it may be as ſoon taken for the Grand Signior's, I may ſuſpect the Metal too.

Oliv. What ſay you if I tender it before theſe lawful Witneſſes?

Wel. I'll take it for good Payment—— I *Charles Wellborn*——

Oliv. Ha, *Welborn!* [*Aſide.*

Wel. Take thee—— whom?—— Gad if the Parſon of the Pariſh knew your Name no better than I—— 'twill be but a blind Bargain.

Geo. Olivia, Marteen——

Wel. My deſtin'd Wife?

Geo. The very ſame: Have you the Parſon ready?

Wel. He waits in my Chamber.

Oliv. Madam, I beg you'll lend me ſomething more becoming my Sex.

Mir. Manage will furniſh you from my Wardrobe. [*Exit* Olivia.

Enter Tereſia.

Geo And ſee my good Genius appears too.

Tere. See, Sir, I am reſolv'd to be welcome to your Arms; look here are the Writings of the Eſtate my Grandfather left me, and here's Three thouſand Pound my Grandmother has ſettl'd on me, upon her Marriage with you.

[*Gives him the Writings.*

Geo. And here's my Father's Eſtate ſettled on me—— Come let's put them together—— and go in, and let the Parſon do as much for us.

[*Puts 'em in her Caſe.*

Tere. But have you very well conſidered this Matter?

Geo. Tereſia, we'll do like moſt Couples, marry firſt, and conſider afterwards—— [*Leads her in.*

Enter a Footman.

Footm. Sir, Here's Sir *Merlin*, with a Lady mask'd, wou'd ſpeak with you.

Wel. Carry 'em into the Dining-Room, I'll wait on 'em anon.

[*Exeunt* Omnes.

SCENE, my Lady Youthly's. *Diſcovers Her, and* Lettice *dreſſing her.*

L. You. Hold the Glaſs higher, *Lettice*; Is not this Tour too brown?—— Methinks it does not give a youthful Ayre to my Face.

Lett. That's not in Nature.

L. You. Like Nature! Ay, but Nature's ſelf wants Art, nor does this Fontange ſuit with my Complexion—— Put on a little more Red, *Lettice*, on my Cheeks, and Lips. [*She does ſo.*

Lett. Ay, for they are but a little too much upon the *Coventry* Blue—— This Tour muſt come more forward, Madam, to hide the Wrinkles at the corners of your Eyes—— [*Pulls it.*

L. You. Ay, *Lettice*, but there are others, that neither Tours, nor Paint, nor Patches will hide, I fear—— Yet altogether, *Lettice*——

[*Puts on her Spectacles, and looks in the Glaſs.*

Enter Sir Rowland.

Sir Row. What, no Bride yet, nor Bridegroom!

L. You. Ay, what can be the Meaning of this?

Sir Row. But *Tereſia*, Madam, where can ſhe be gadding?

L. You. Why *Lettice* tells me, She went to buy ſome Trifles to adorn her this Night—— Her Governante is with her, and my Steward.

Enter

Enter Mr. Twang.

Twang, Alas, what pity 'tis; the Supper is quite ſpoil'd, and no Bridegroom come!

(*A Noiſe of Hallowing without, and Muſick.*) *Enter Lady* Blunder.

L. Blun. Bleſs us! Here's a whole Regiment of Liveries, Coaches, and Flambeau's, at the Door! The Fops of the Town have heard of a Wedding, and are come in Maſquerade.

Enter Muſick playing; after them, Prince Frederick *leading* Mirtilla, George *leading* Tereſia; *Sir* Merlin, Diana, *Mrs.* Manage, Brittoon, *Pages, and Footmen, all in Maſquerade. Sir* Morgan *comes in, all in Mourning*; Welborn, *and* Olivia.

Sir Mer. Hearing of a high Wedding, Sir, we made bold (as the Saying is) to give you Joy. Sir, Are not you the Bridegroom?

Tere. Where's your Bride, Sir? Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Mer. Ay, ay, where's your Bride?

Sir Row. What's that to you, Sir, Coxcomb?

Sir Mir. Hum—— How the Devil came he to know me now?—— Is this Reverend Gentlewoman your Lady, Sir?

Sir Row. Ounds, they come to mock us!——— Hark ye, hark ye Tawdrums, if you are Men, ſhew your Faces; if Apes, play over your Monkey-Tricks, and be gone, d'ye hear?——— We are not at leiſure for Fooling.

Geo. Be but at leiſure, Sir, to pardon (George *kneels*) this one Diſobedience of my Life, and all the reſt I'll dedicate to pleaſe and humour you. Sir, I am marry'd. [*Pulls off his Mask.*

Sir Row. What the Devil's that to me, Sir.

Geo. Do not you know me, Sir?

Sir Row. No, Sir, nor don't care to know any ſuch flaunting Coxcombs.

Geo. Look on me, Sir. [*Looks on him, knows him, goes away, and returns.*

Sir Row. Hum, hum, hum!———

Tere. It is your Son, Sir, your darling Son, who has ſav'd your Life from Inſolence?

Sir Row. Hum —— *Tereſia*!

L. You. How, *Tereſia*! what robb'd me of my intended Husband? Oh undone! undone! [*Falls into a Chair.*

Sir Row. And haſt thou after all, ſerved me ſuch a Rogue's Trick, thou ungracious Varlet? What Cuckold thine own Father!

Geo. Oh do not frown, I cannot bear your Anger! Here will I hang for ever till you Pardon me. [*Claſps his Knees.*

Sir Row. Look—— look——— now cannot I be angry with the good-natur'd young Rogue [*Weeps.*

Well *George*—— But hark ye, Sirrah, this is a damn'd Trick of yours.

Geo. Sir, I found my Youth was fitter for her than your Age, and you'll be as fond of a Grand-Child of my begetting, as you would of a Son of another Man's, perhaps.

Sir Row. Thou'rt in the Right on't.

Sir Mer. Ha! Is Monsieur *Love* then my Brother *George*?

Geo. Sir, Here's another Couple wants your Pardon; my Brother *Merlin*, and my Lady *Diana*.

La. Blun. Diana! what Sir *Harry Modish*'s Mistress?

Dia. Yes, he pawn'd me at the *Basset-Table*; and, in Revenge, I resolv'd to marry the next Man of Fortune I met with.

Sir Row. The Fool had more Wit then I thought he had; for which I'll give him a Thousand Pound a Year.

Geo. I humbly thank you, Sir.

Mirt. Pray, Melancholy Sir, who are you in Mourning for?

Sir Morg. Alas! Madam, for a Person of Quality that was my Wife; but rest her Soul, she's burnt. [*Weeps.*

And I shall never see any thing again like her.

Mirt. Now! What think you of this Face, Sir.

Sir Morg. As Gad shall sa' me, as like as if the same.

La. Blun. In troth, and so she is.

Prince. 'Tis true, she was once your Wife; but I have preserv'd her from the Flames, and I have most Right to her.

Sir Morg. That's a hard Case, Sir, that a Man must lose his Wife, because another has more Right to her than himself; Is that Law, Sir?

Prince. Lover's Law, Sir.

La. Blun. Ay, ay, Son, 'tis the Fashion to marry one Week, and separate the next: I'll let you a President for it my self.

[*In this time* Welborn *kneels with* Olivia; *Sir* Rowland *takes 'em up, and kisses 'em.*

Sir Morg. Nay, if it be the Fashion, I'll e'en into the Country, and be merry with my Tenants, and Hawk, and Hunt, and Horse-match.

Prince. But now, Sir, I'll resign my Right to you, and content my self with the Honour to have preserv'd her from the Fire.

[*Prince delivers* Mirtilla *to Sir* Morgan, *who receives her.*

Sir Morg. As gad shall sa' me, Sir, you're a civil Person; and now I find you can endure a Woman, Sir, I'll give you leave to visit her.

Sir Row. Well, since we're all agreed, and that the Fiddles are here, adsnigs we'll have a Dance, Sweet-heart, tho' thou hast out-witted me.

[*Takes* Teresia, George *takes Lady* Youthly, *&c.*

After the Dance, Lady Youthly *weeps.*

Geo. What, weeping yet? Here, Mr. *Twang*, take the Lady to your Care; in these Cases, there's nothing like the Consolation of your young Chaplain.

The Widow, with young Feinture, and old Face,
Affected Mien, and Amorous Grimace,
Vses to fall to th' younger Brother's share;
But by Fortune, and Industrious Care,
Have got one that's Rich, Witty, Young, and Fair.

FINIS.